PUNISHED!

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EDITORIAL

Punished! How many are the ways! To be a girl is punishment enough, for men desire you and will use their strength to possess and control you and to bind. . . and if you struggle they desire you more. You cannot win.

Why do men punish you! Because the punishment of girls is an endless ecstasy without defeating climax, because in your moans, your cries, they know a mastery of life's everyday denials. They punish you with love, and because of love, and because a punished girl is beautiful beyond the norm.

Cruelty! Oh, no, no, no! Between the punished girl and the male, there forms a bond. The bond was started long ago in the beginning when he took her by force. That taking was not without its anguish, not without the ropes on wrist and ankle, the stricture by which she was secured to a tree to await his penalty or his lust, perhaps to simply await the customs of tribal life.

No girl escapes it; she is never unaware, even from the first days when the boys at school pulled her hair and muddied her dress, she knew herself its prey. It awaited her on street corners and in the park and in the murkiness of night. The punishment of the ploy of love, the preludes of beginnings, the affirmation of mastery by the male.

The girl knows. . . oh never doubt she knows! That in her punishment she becomes a motive force. Her punishments are weapons by which she wins her battles with the man. To let him punish her is to disarm; it is the path to rich rewards. If her punishment is bondage, she will wear it as a crown, knowing that the ropes that bind her limbs ensnare him too.

And simple punishment! Perhaps it is her need. It makes her complete and draws the lines of demarcation between the sexes, makes right and comprehensible his male strength to which she is forever subject. And there is the crux, the rightness of her state. She cannot best him, save by wit. She cannot counter her sly use of tears and subterfuge with other than his hand upon her flesh. All the scarlet loveliness of whips, the wheals of which she often bears with pride, for no man whips a girl he does not love or at least desire.

And so this magazine is dedicated to an emotion as old as love and hate. It is a part of both, an expression of the oldest institution in the world.

REMEMBER, WHEN YOU TURN THE PAGE YOU'RE ENTERING A FANTASY WORLD. IF YOU'RE DOING IT FOR REAL, EXERCISE CAUTION! WILLING PARTNERS ARE TOO PRECIOUS TO HURT WITH A THOUGHTLESSLY PLACED ROPE!

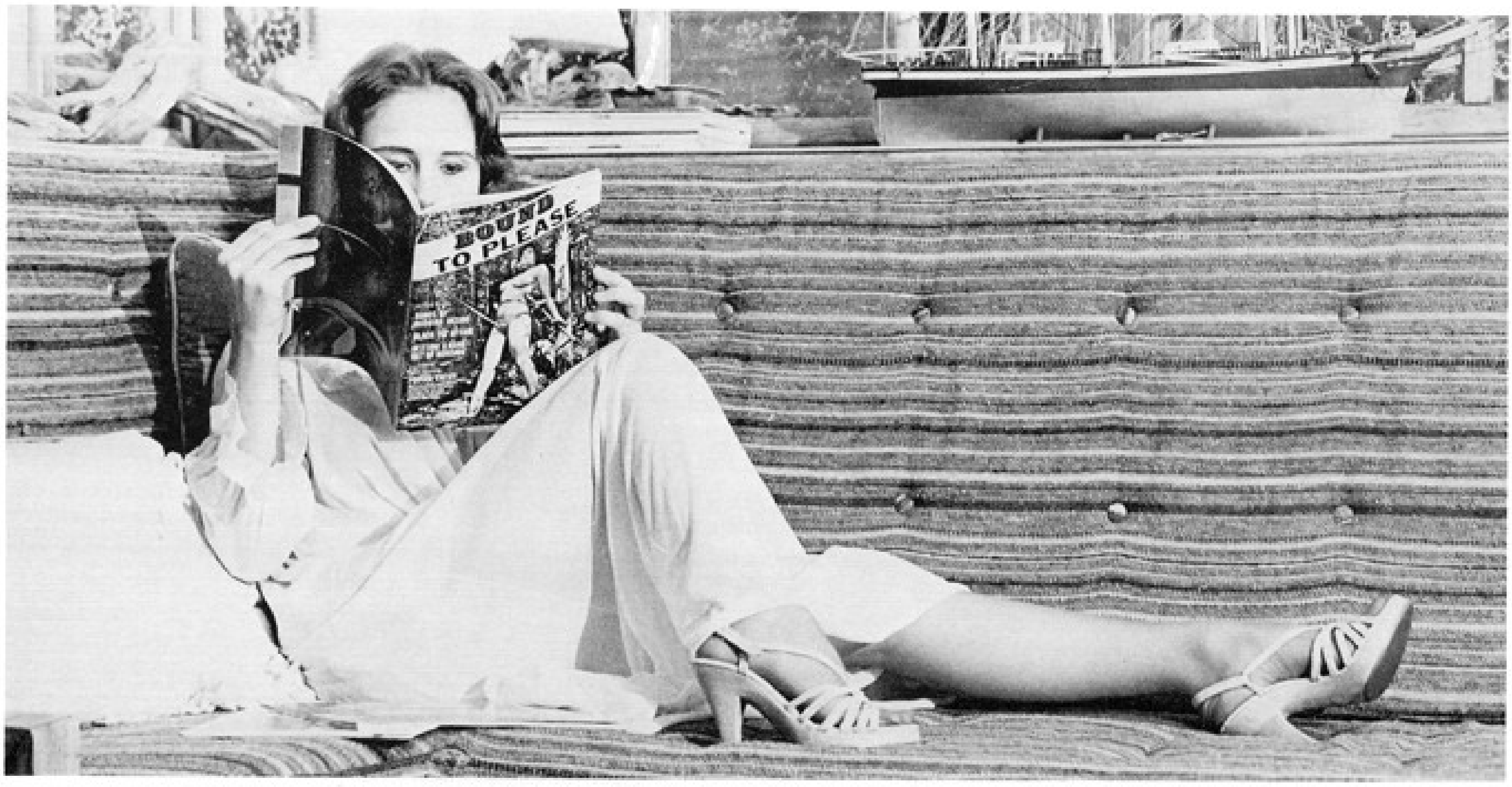












BOUND TO TEASE



She certainly couldn't say it wasn't fair. She'd been caught with her hand in the cookie jar. Her own! Bondage magazines scattered all around her screamed out what had been on her mind, as, eyes closed in lanquid bliss, she'd brought herself off again and again. But the biting cords suddenly gnawing at her wrists and elbows were no fantasy!

















Helpless to resist, her lush body yielded to the harsh hands that first gagged, then pushed and pulled at her. He forced her into one position after another, her flimsy negligee revealing rather than concealing her inviting curves, until he ripped it off and bound her ankles spread wide apart.











He made her stand like that, knees quaking in unaccustomed tension while he rearranged the cords around her wrists and added the finishing touch to that position; a scathingly tight crotch-rope that burned its way deep into her cleft as if her skimpy panties weren't even there. In just a few short minutes it felt as if someone were holding a cigarette ember against her now sensitive clit! And every frantic twitch of desperate agony moved the maddening rope between her nether-lips in further irritation, punishing her for every attempt she made to alter her position from the one he had chosen for her and which the ropes now dictated she maintain until he decided otherwise. It did not matter to the ropes how he touched her, or where; should she dare shrink from his touch or his gaze fiery fingers of pain seared her most intimate parts and wrung from her complete cooperation despite her unwillingness, despite her humiliation, despite her frantic desires to be unfettered and able to resist. She began to whimper when she felt her crotch getting damp as if trying to ease the pain by turning it into excitement.











He saw the widening circle of moisture on the front of her panties and knew what was happening to her. But it was too soon to suit his plan. She squealed in panic as he rudely shoved her back wards, causing her to loose her precarious balance and tumble back onto the couch, falling onto her pinioned arms. She then wailed as the sudden tension yanked the crotch rope tighter, and her ankles fluttered and twitched against the cords holding them. It felt as if the crotch rope was so incredibly deeply inbedded it surely must have become an integral part of her body, and would not be removed without the benefit of surgery. Her body was taking on a life of its own, inspired by the pain and constant stimulation of her clitoris. Her hips were moving back and forth in tiny provocative circles, seeking release! Unconsciously she was trying to masturbate herself in a wildly driven need to find solace, find some respite from the unending tease. But it was not to be. With a knowing chuckle he waited until she was almost at the crest and then cruelly dragged her forward by her hair onto her knees. The wrenching pain in her hips as they made the forced rotation brought forth groans of pain from behind her gag, but heedless of her apparent distress he brought her forward onto her belly, exposing her bottom for a long overdue spanking for getting into 'his' cookie jar! From there it was easy to flip her over, throw a pillow under her hips and bind her face up . . . ready for action!







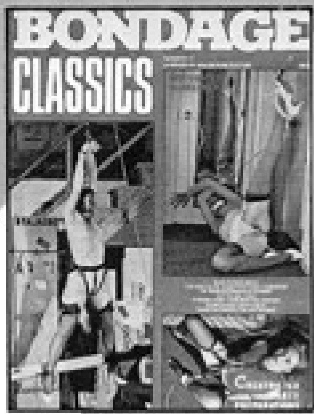



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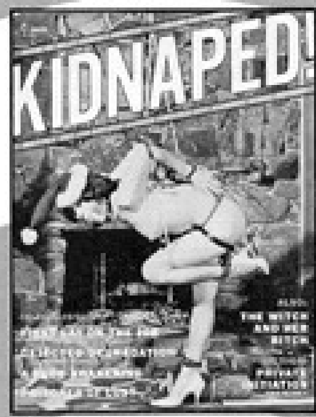
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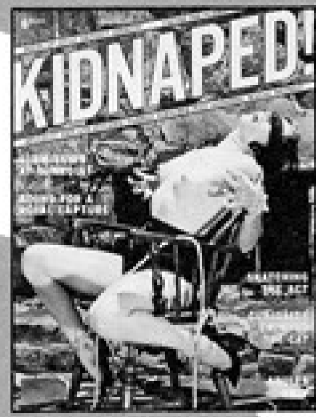
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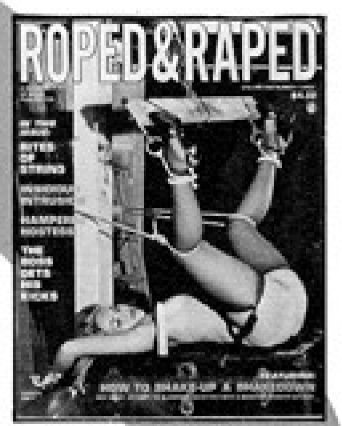
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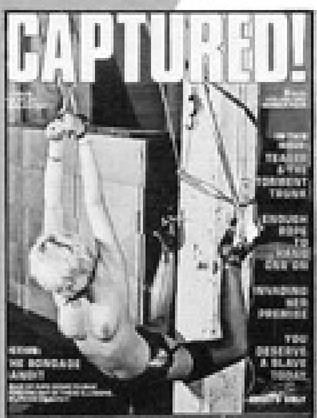
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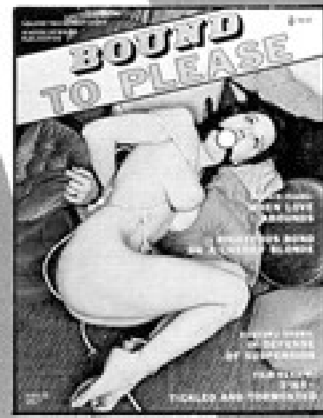
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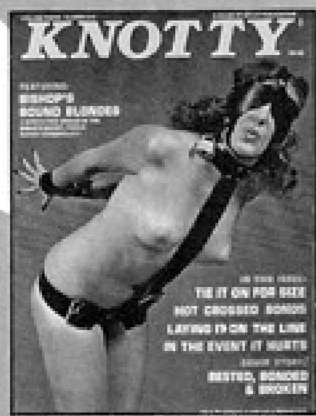
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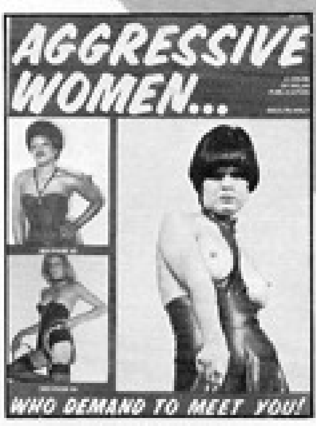
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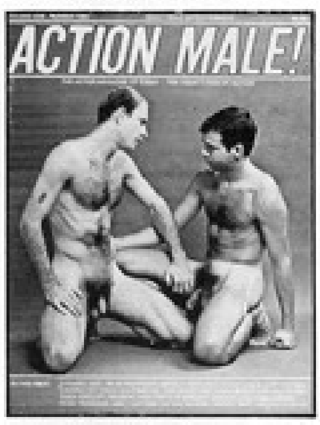
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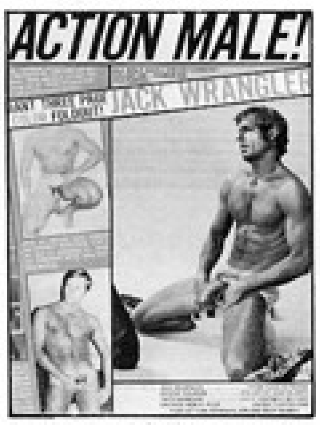
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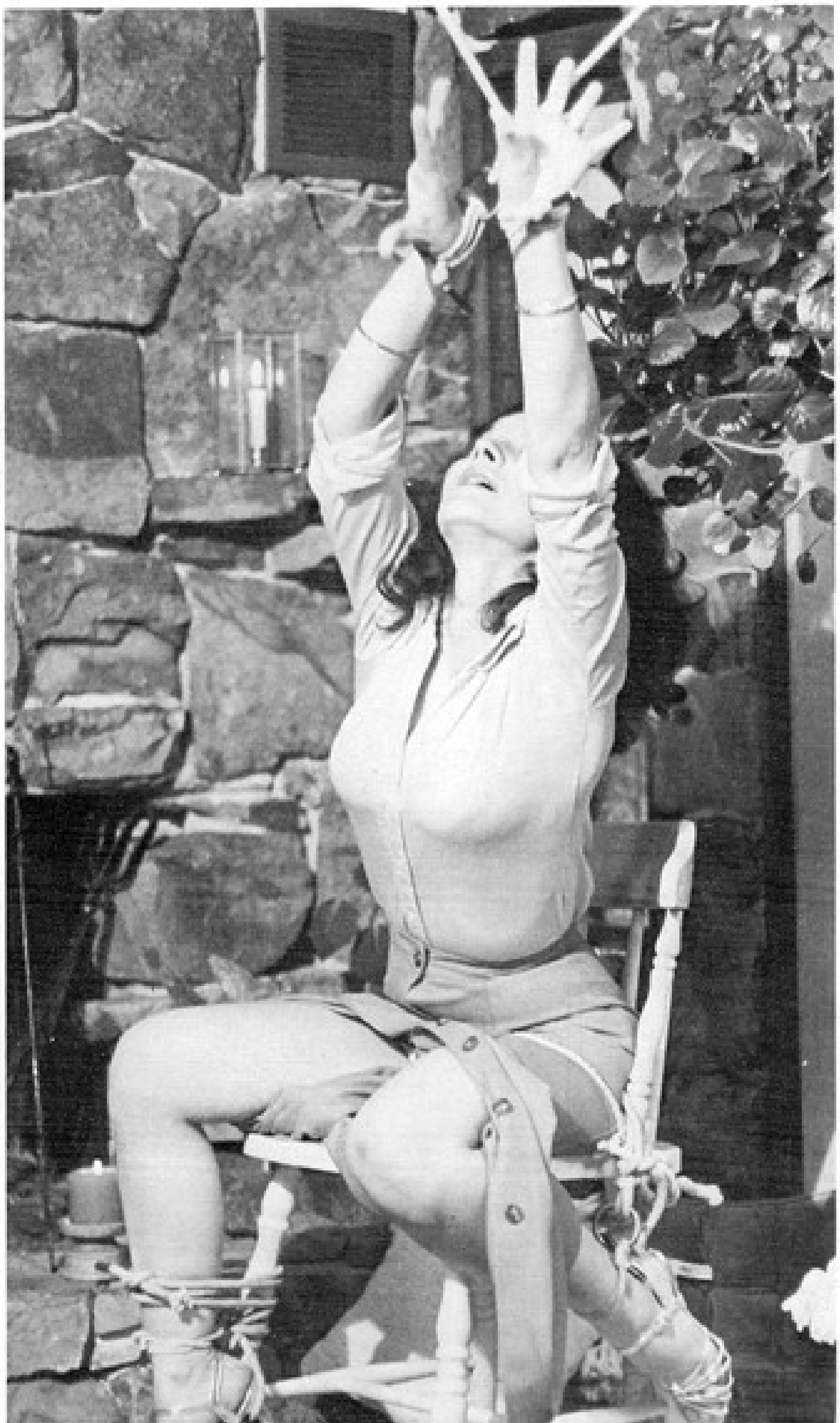
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Stretched & Punished

She should have done what I told her in the beginning. I probably wouldn't have been any less rough with her, but at least I wouldn't have been any harder. But she thought I, too, like most men, would soften up in the face of her charms.







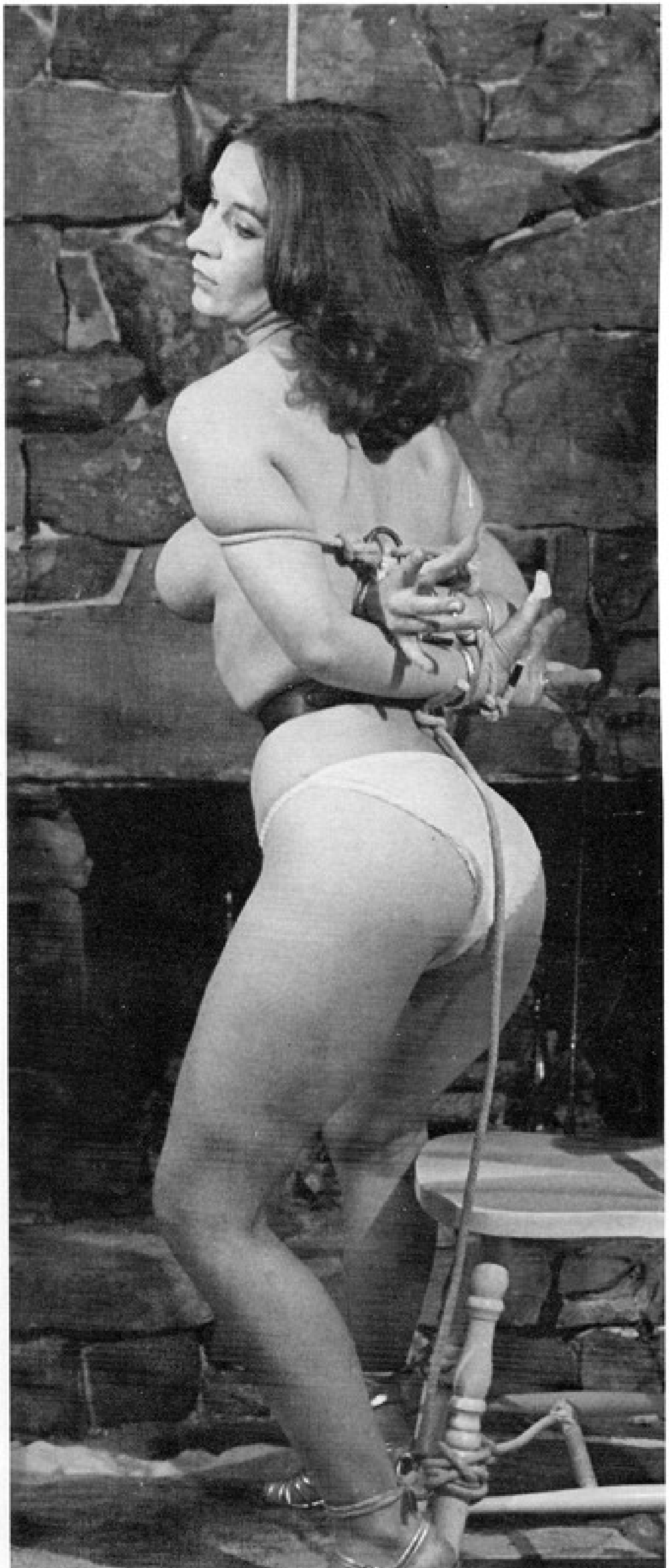






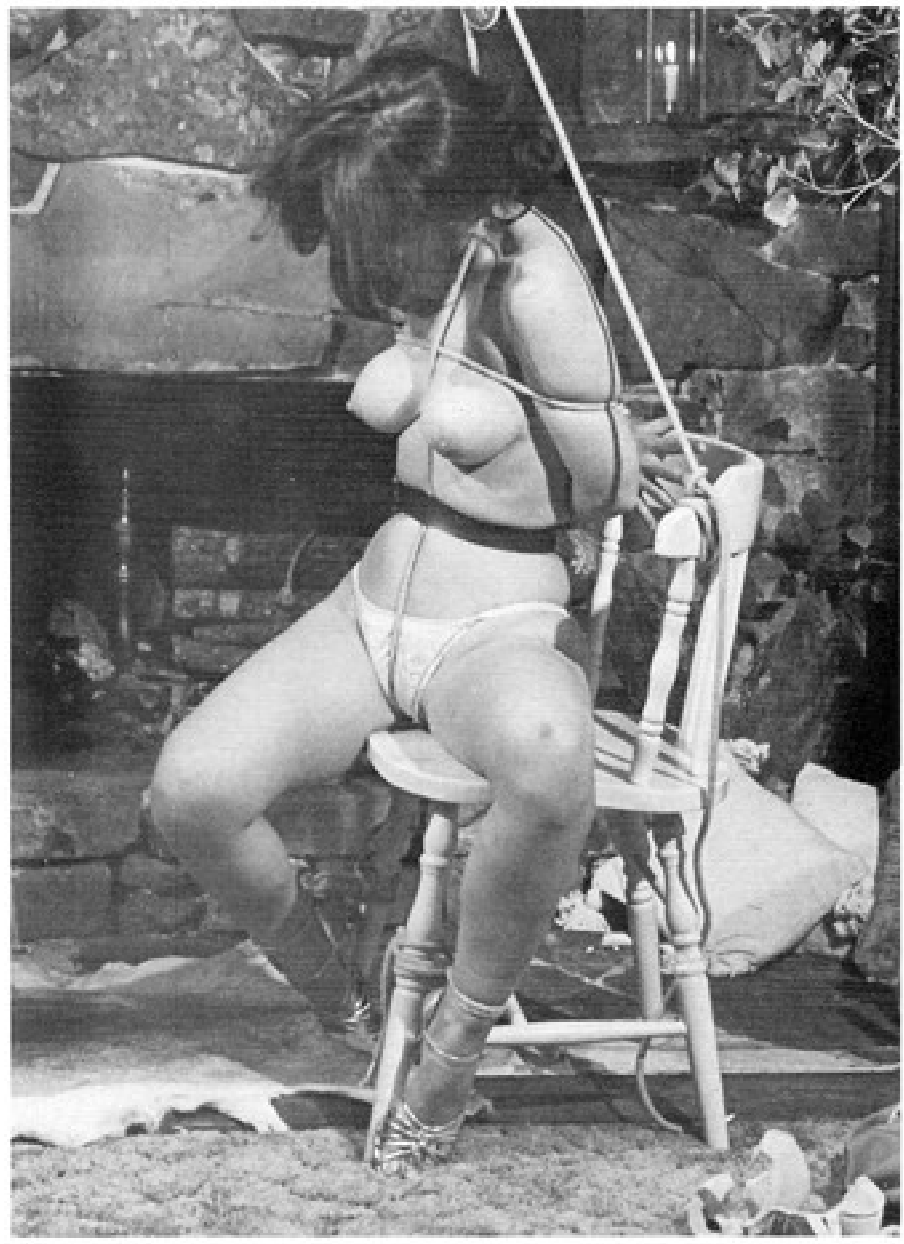



Once I got her clothes off, and more rope on, I proceeded to show her exactly who the softie really was. She didn't like it one bit the way the pulley rope held her completely still - or cut her breath off - as I pinched and tweaked and twisted her soft tits with the hard-as-marbles-nipples. I flicked at them and then let her feel my teeth on them just enough to fill her eyes with fear. I laughed at her when she began to whimper and plead with me to stop. I told her there was lots more to come yet, and changed the ropes so I could hoist her right out of her love-seat! Hah! After all, she was up till then sitting on the softest parts of her lovely, full body; namely, her succulent ass and baby-soft thighs. I wanted her to know first-hand just how soft and vulnerable those parts of her could be, especially to someone as chauvanistic and determined as I was. Poor thing!







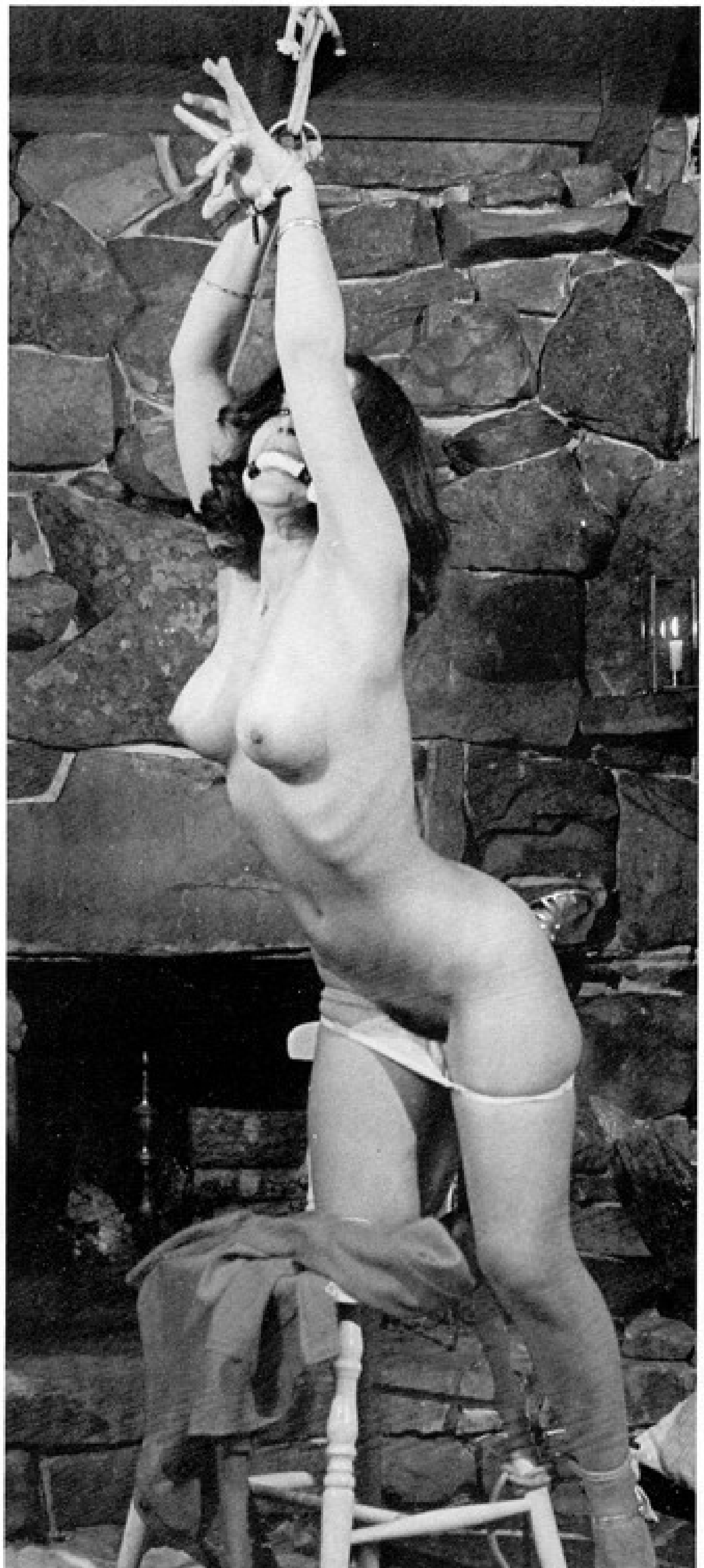




For the very softest part of her - as with all females - I let the crotch rope teach her some manners. I pushed her back down into the chair and rigged the ropes so that every single movement she made, or tried to make, yanked and tugged on the crotch rope, slowly working it further and further into her cleft, panties and all! She mewed and whined into her gag while I smoked a cigarette and watched her twitch her way around in her bondage, fighting the ropes, fighting her mounting stimulation, fighting her femininity, but most of all fighting the lose of herself to me.

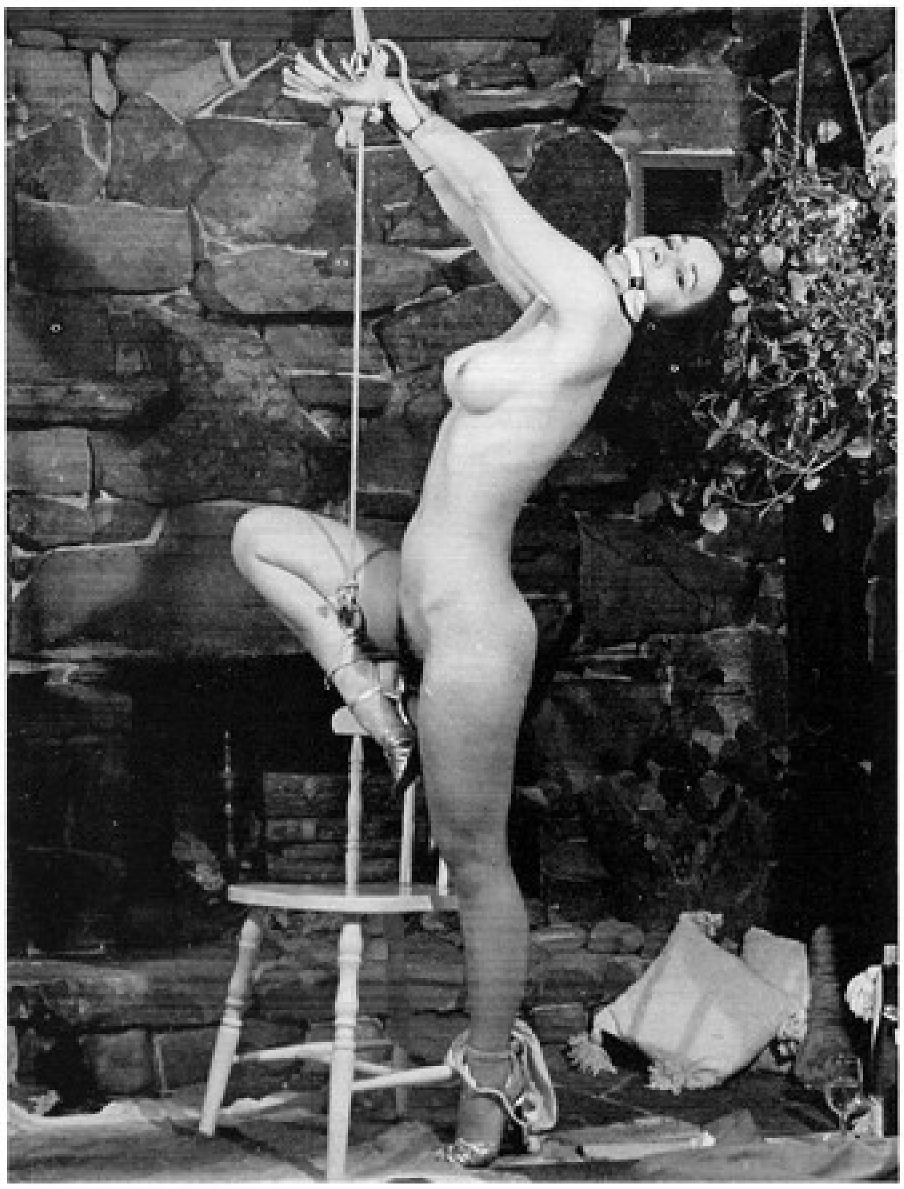






I put her astraddle the chair-back and waited as her soft, feminine muscles weakened and delivered her cunt up to the agony of bearing her weight. When she lost her panties she knew I was the victor!





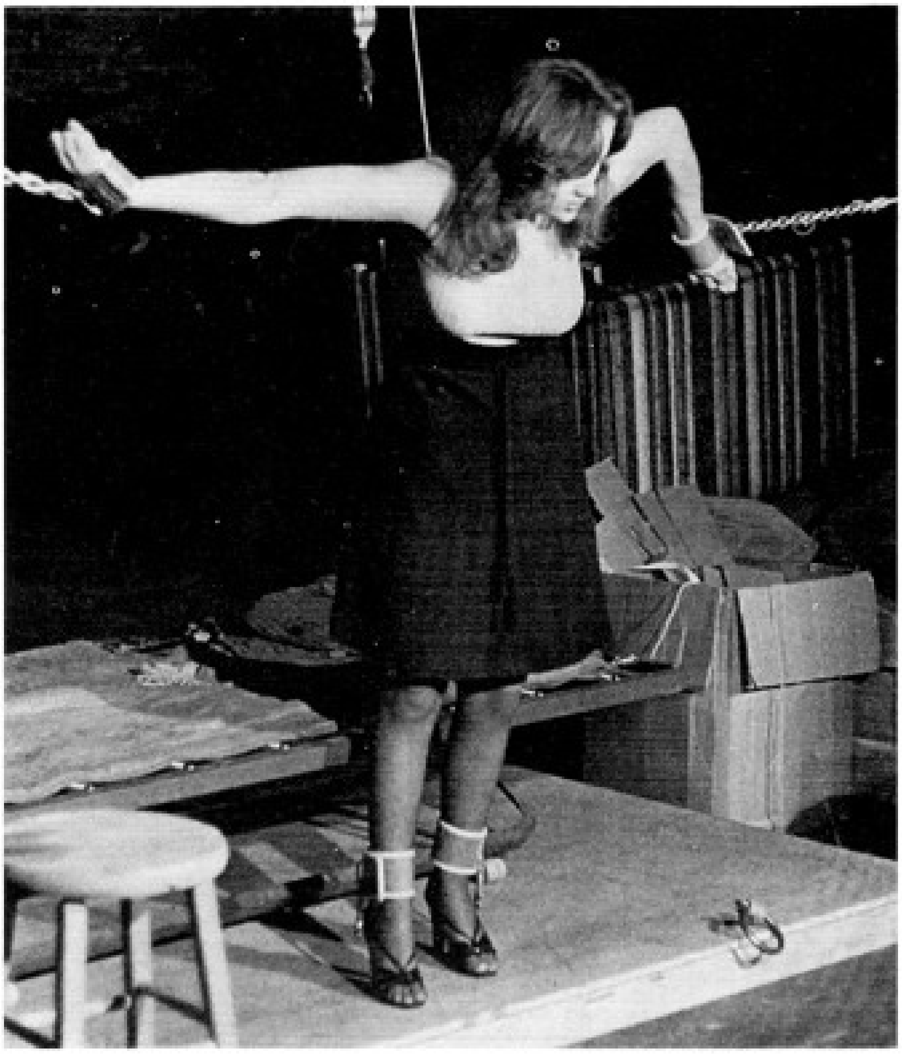


TEACHING TAUT RESTRAINT

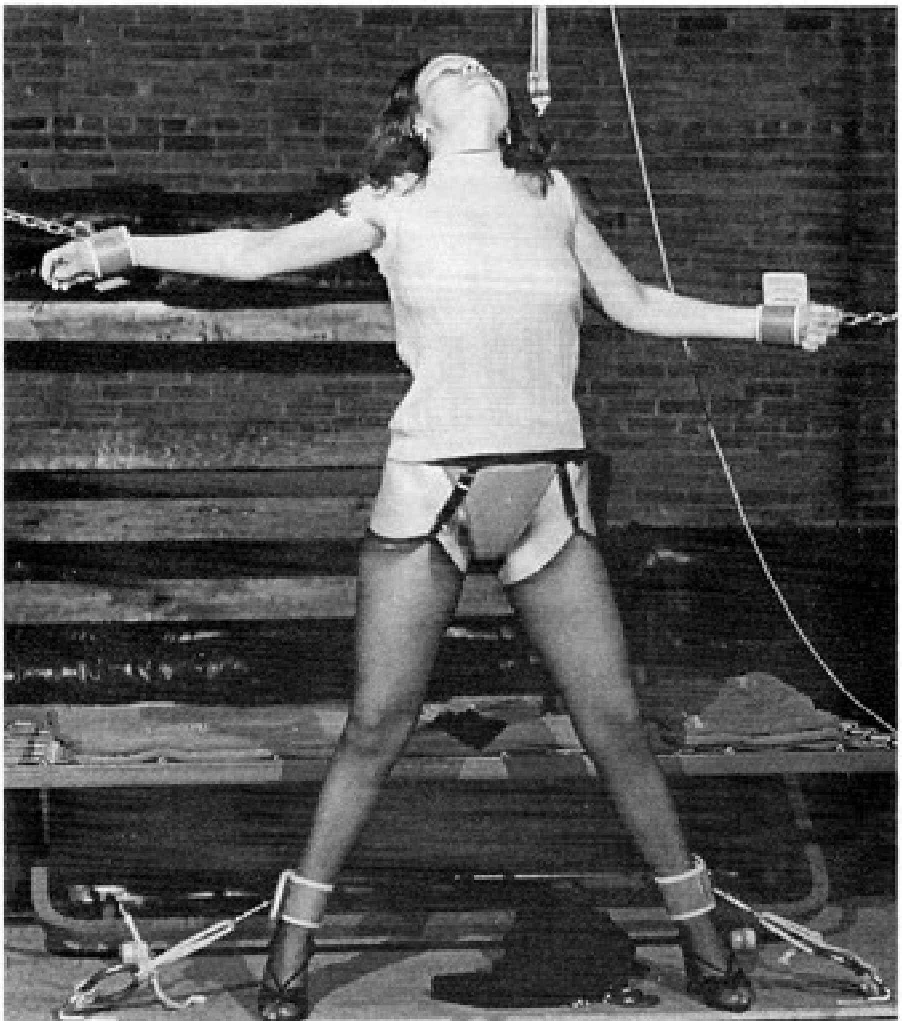
Connie closed her eyes, leaned her head back and let her mind wander — wander over how it all happened, how she ended up in this filthy, damp warehouse with her arms chained and padlocked to the stool . . . waiting.

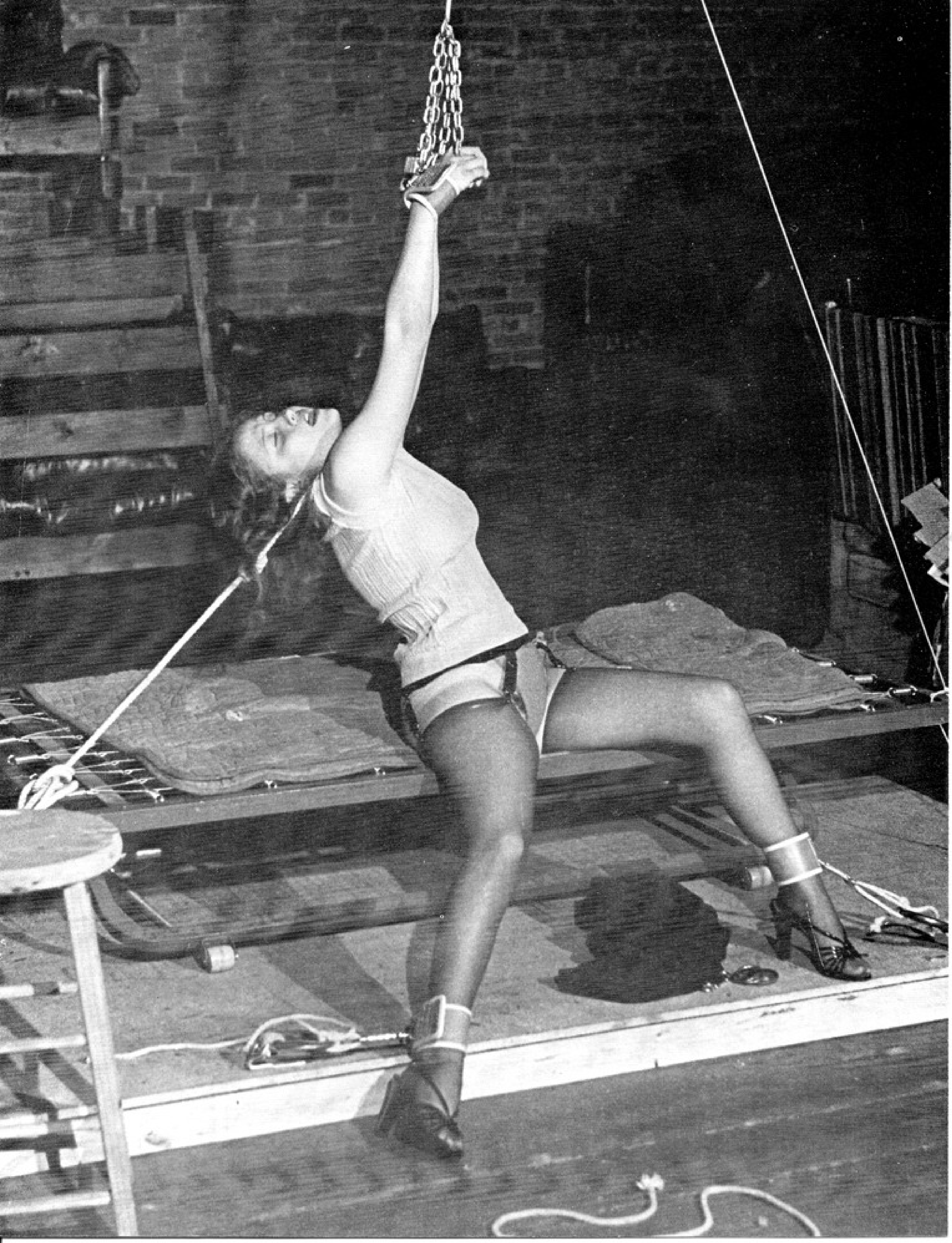
Sure, she agreed to it. It sounded logical at the time. Punishment for a bad girl. She thought back to the guy at the bar. . . cute, interesting, exciting. She did want to be with him. It didn't take any of her love for Nick away. Just one night, one time. What would it hurt. She really didn't know how Nick found out. Maybe he was just bluffing trying to get her to tell him, but she wouldn't be fooled by that. She was ready for any punishment he might give her — he was worth that. Plus she was bad - and knew it!

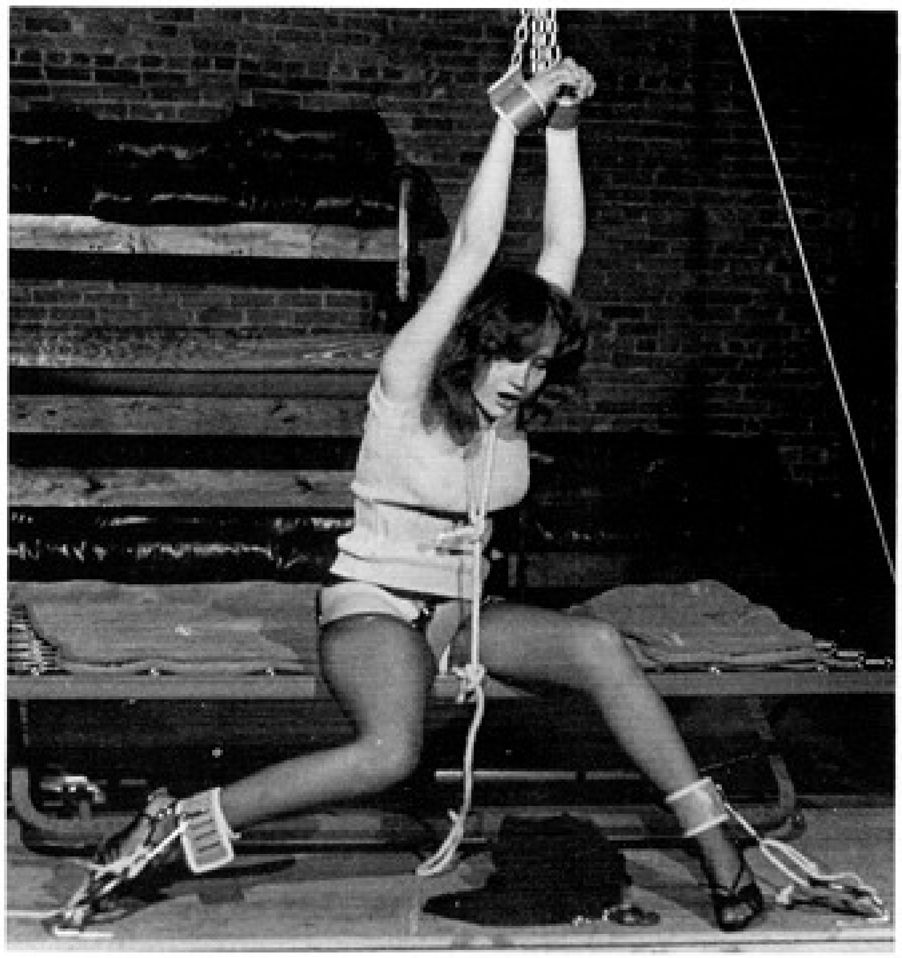
This was their punishment appointment. She came to the rendevous not expecting it to be quite so foreboding but ready for anything. She brought the cuffs and padlocked herself to the chair to wait for him per his instructions. It had been over forty-five minutes and she was still waiting.



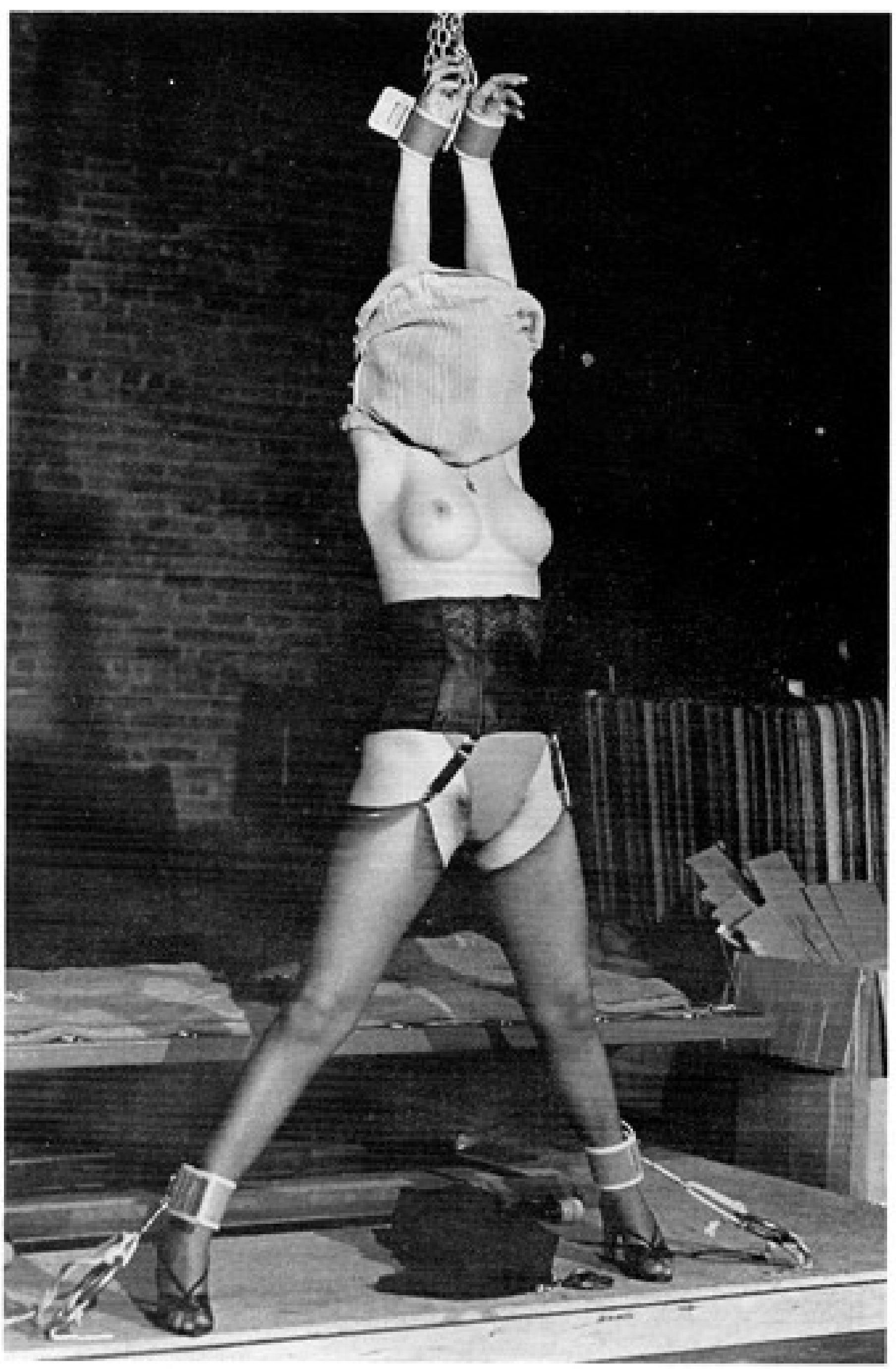








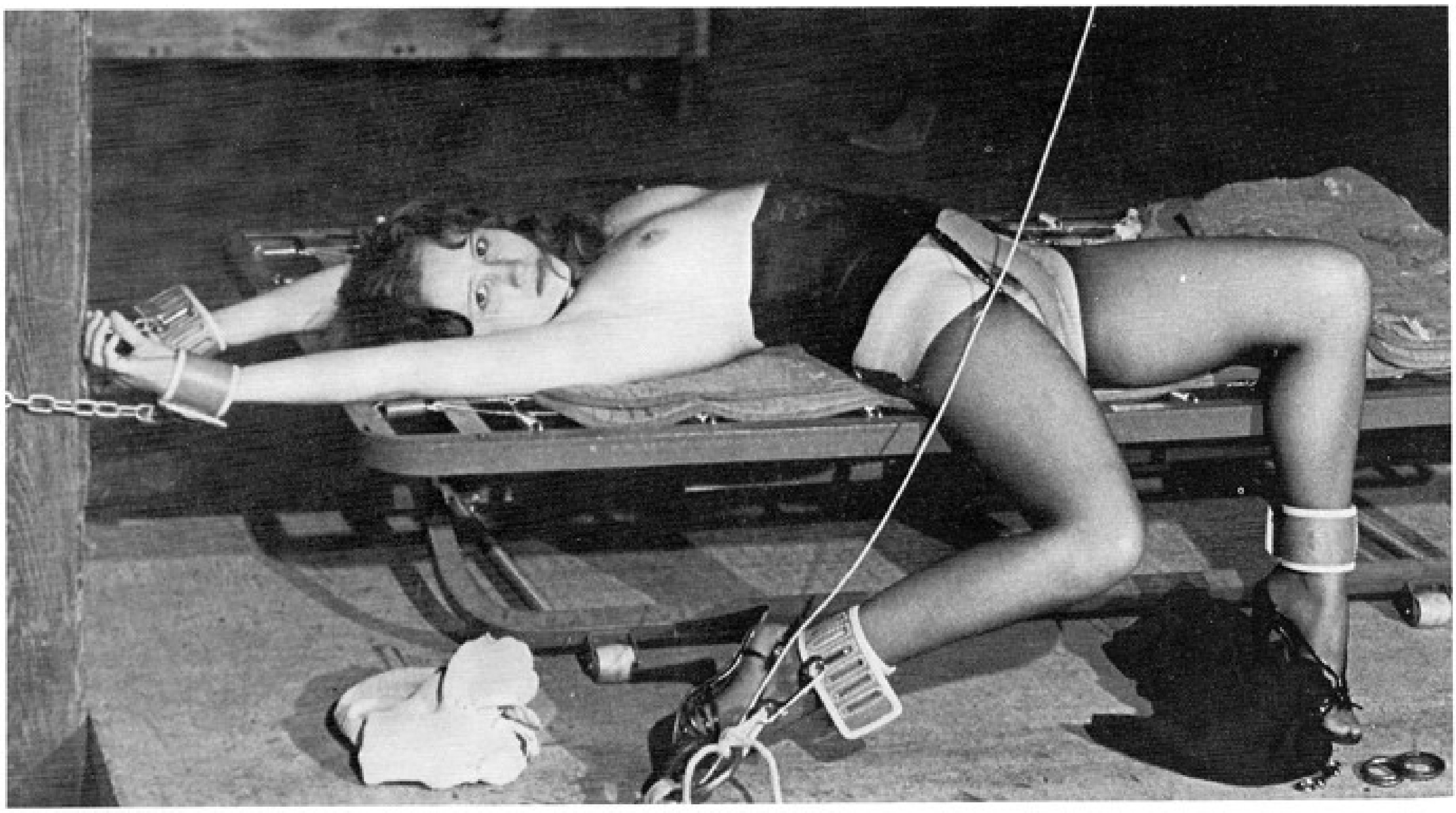




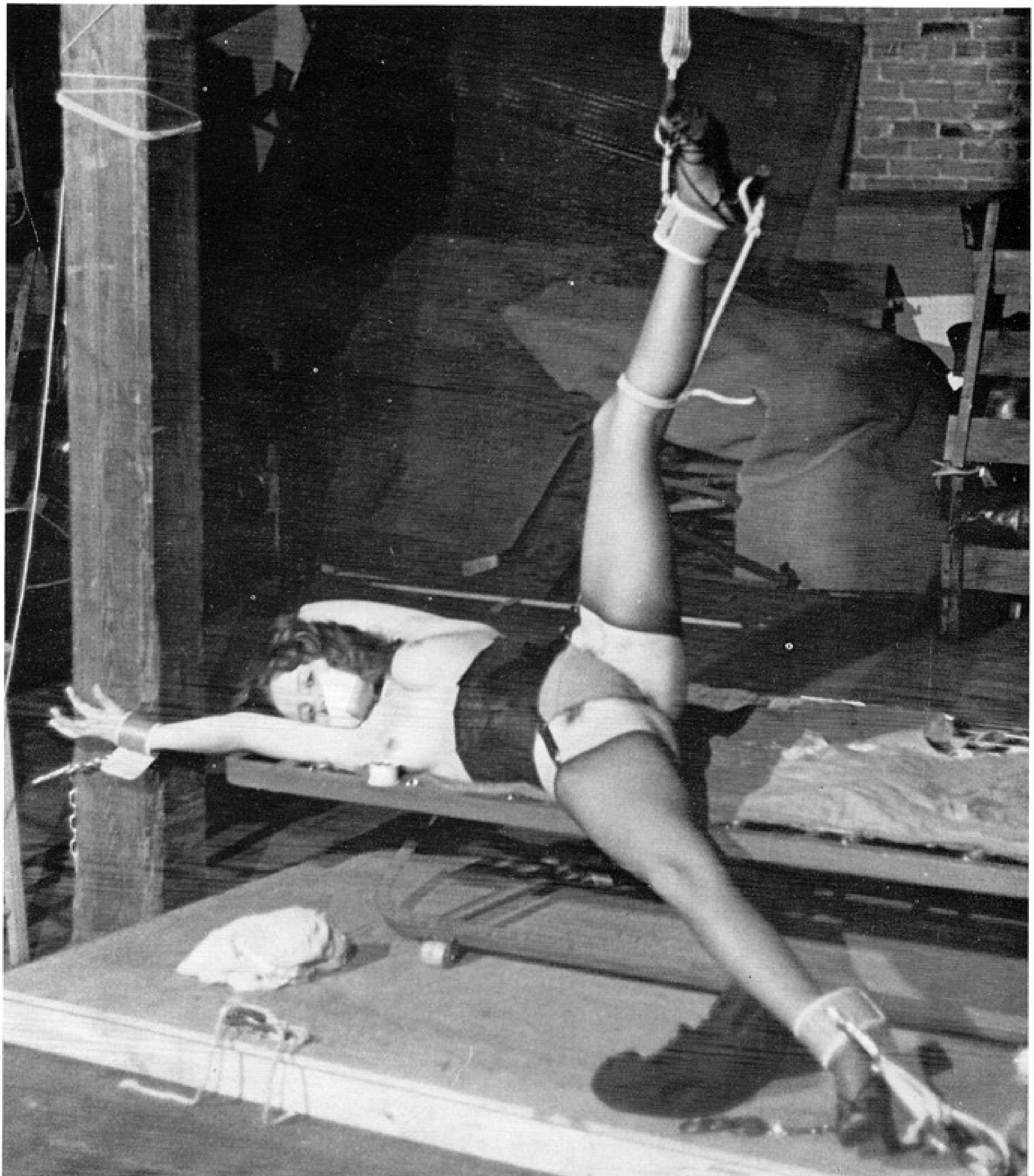
After two hours he finally showed up and, without speaking, began her ordeal by lashing her into one unbearable position after another, forcing her to maintain each so much longer than was possible. Piece by piece she lost her protective garments adding the terrible chill on top of the unbearable strain, numbness and pain.

As he stretched her arms overhead and began pulling them higher and higher she began to worry that he hadn't asked any questions about that fateful night. With her legs tied apart and her arms overhead she knew all of the things that he could do to her, if he wanted.

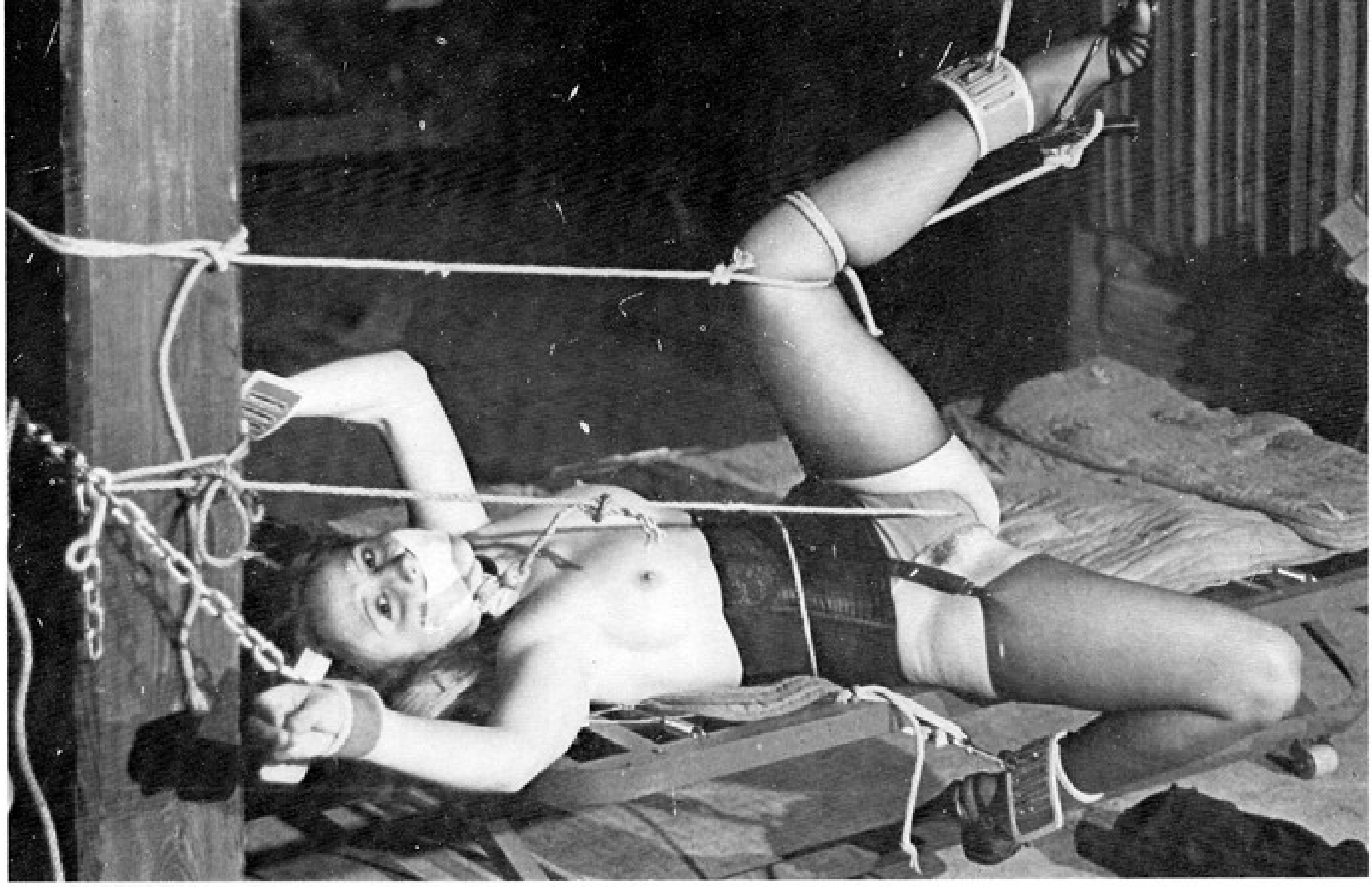
When he disappeared she became more apphrehensive.

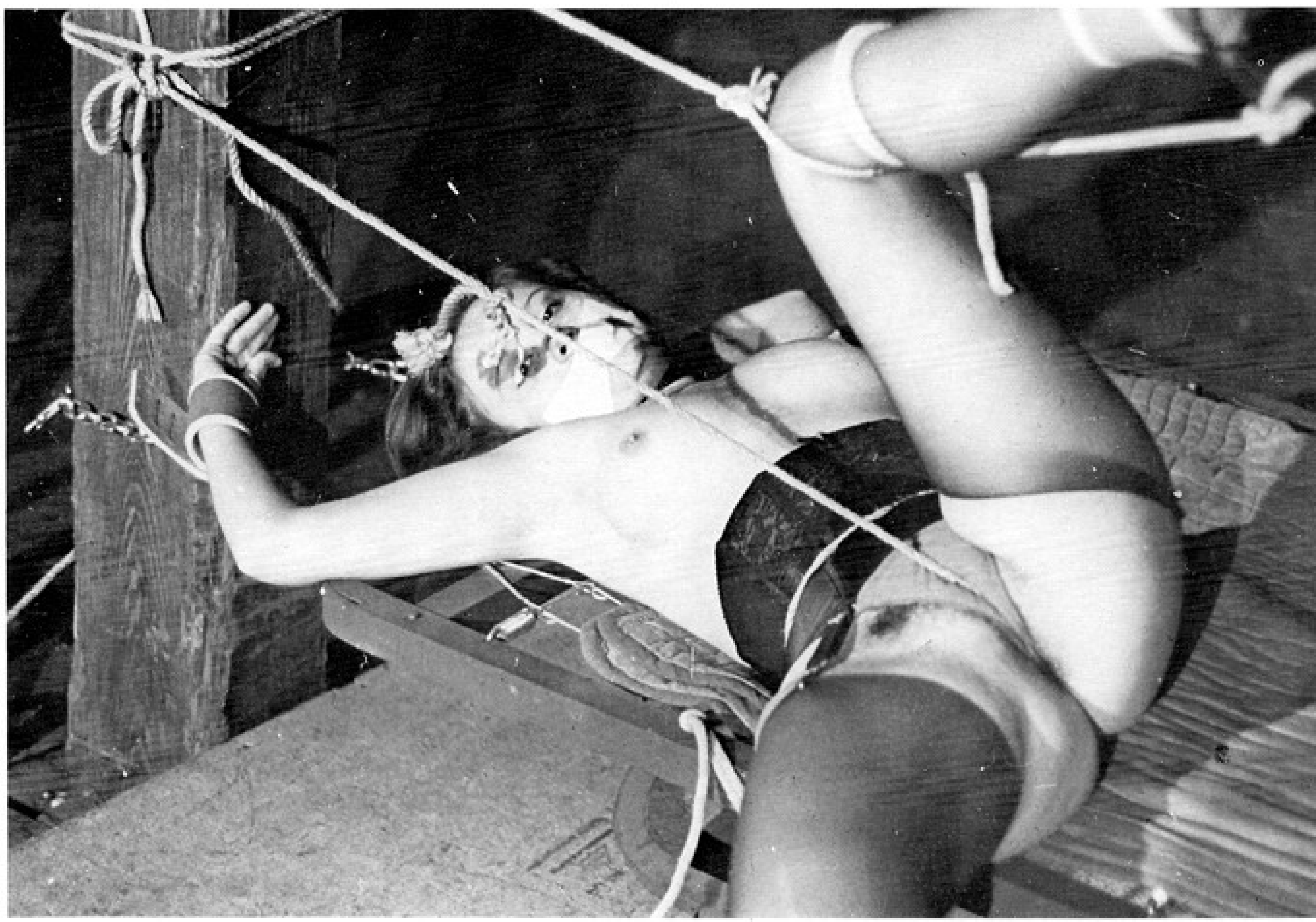




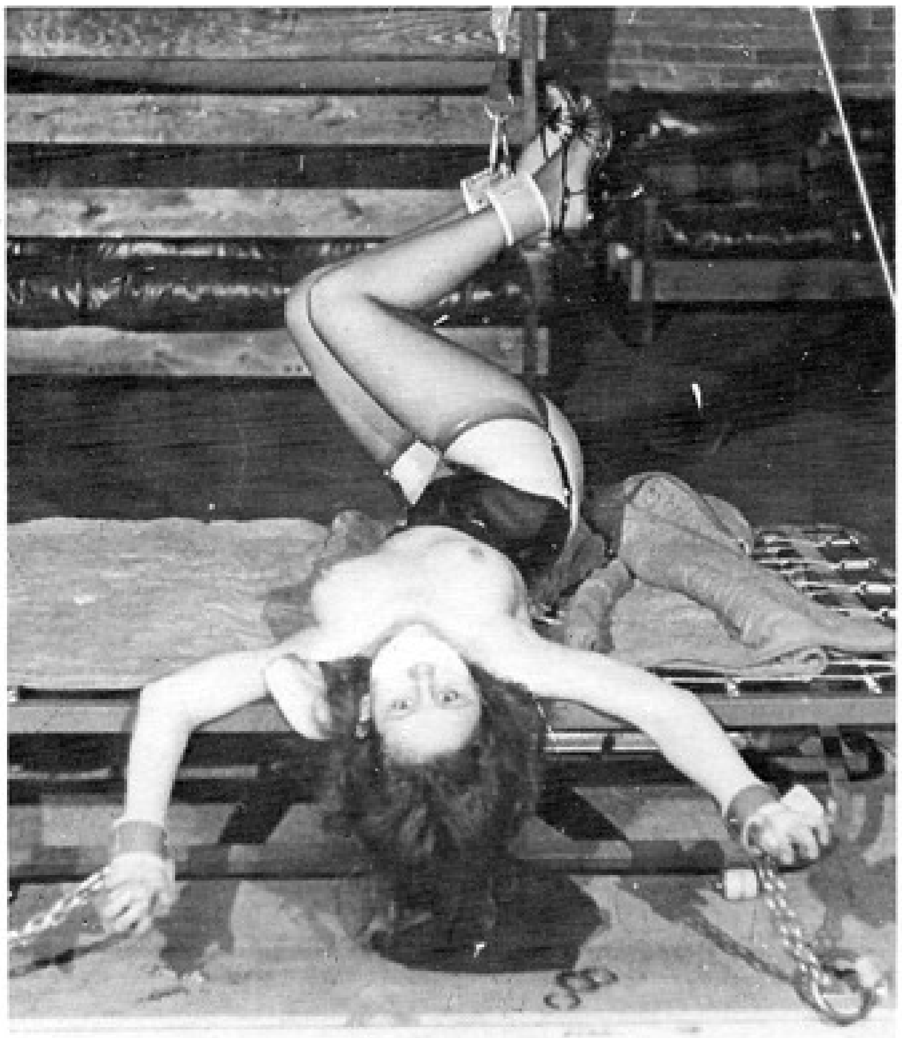


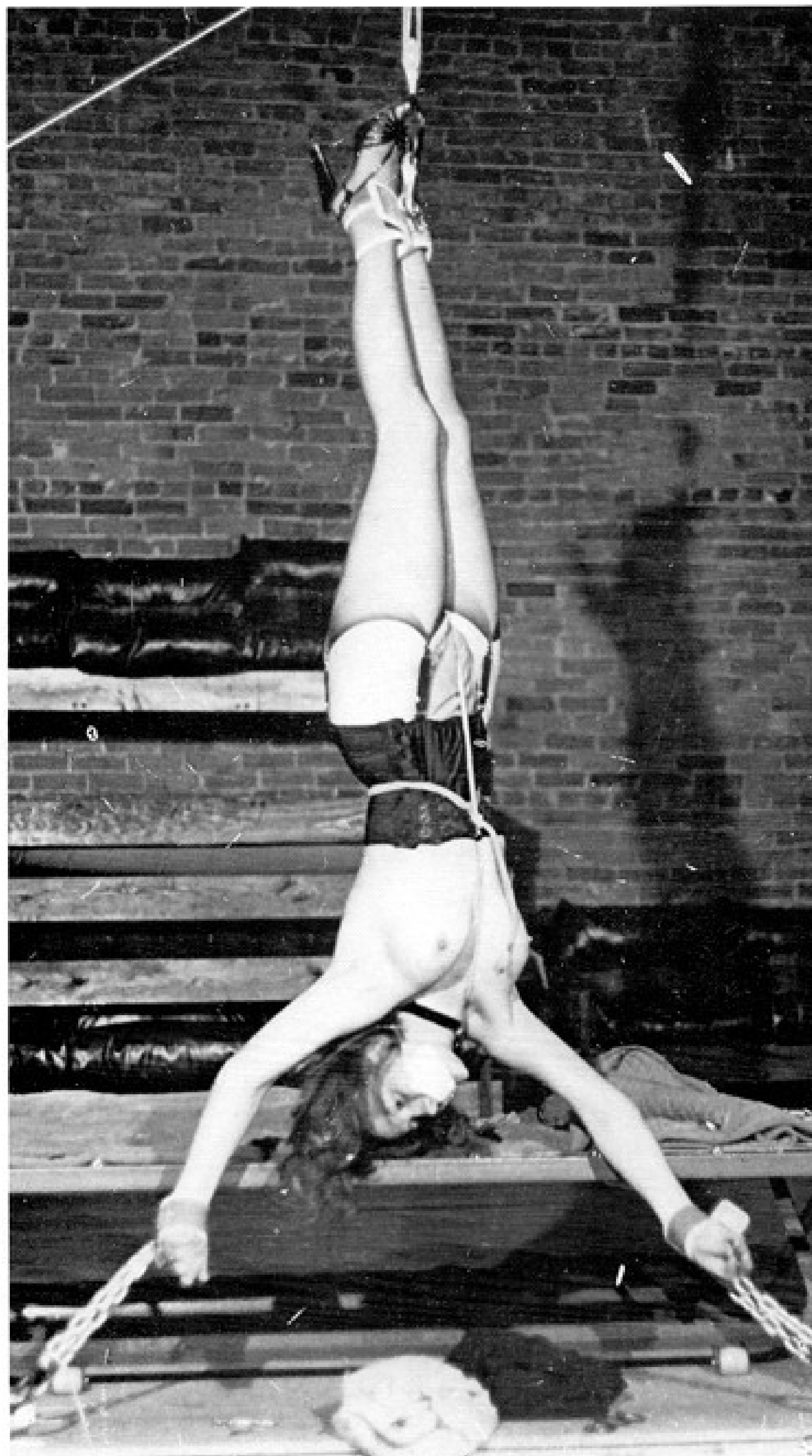
Her scream was involuntary. It coursed through the barren warehouse, echoing back shrilly with its intensity. A hot searing pain criss-crossed her back. She was being whipped! Tears welled up in her eyes as she twisted to see the lash leap out again. Again and again it landed - a scalding hot that continued burning even as the next was landing until she could trace the pattern on her back and thighs. Through her suffering came the realization of how much she hurt him — and how much it wasn't worth this!

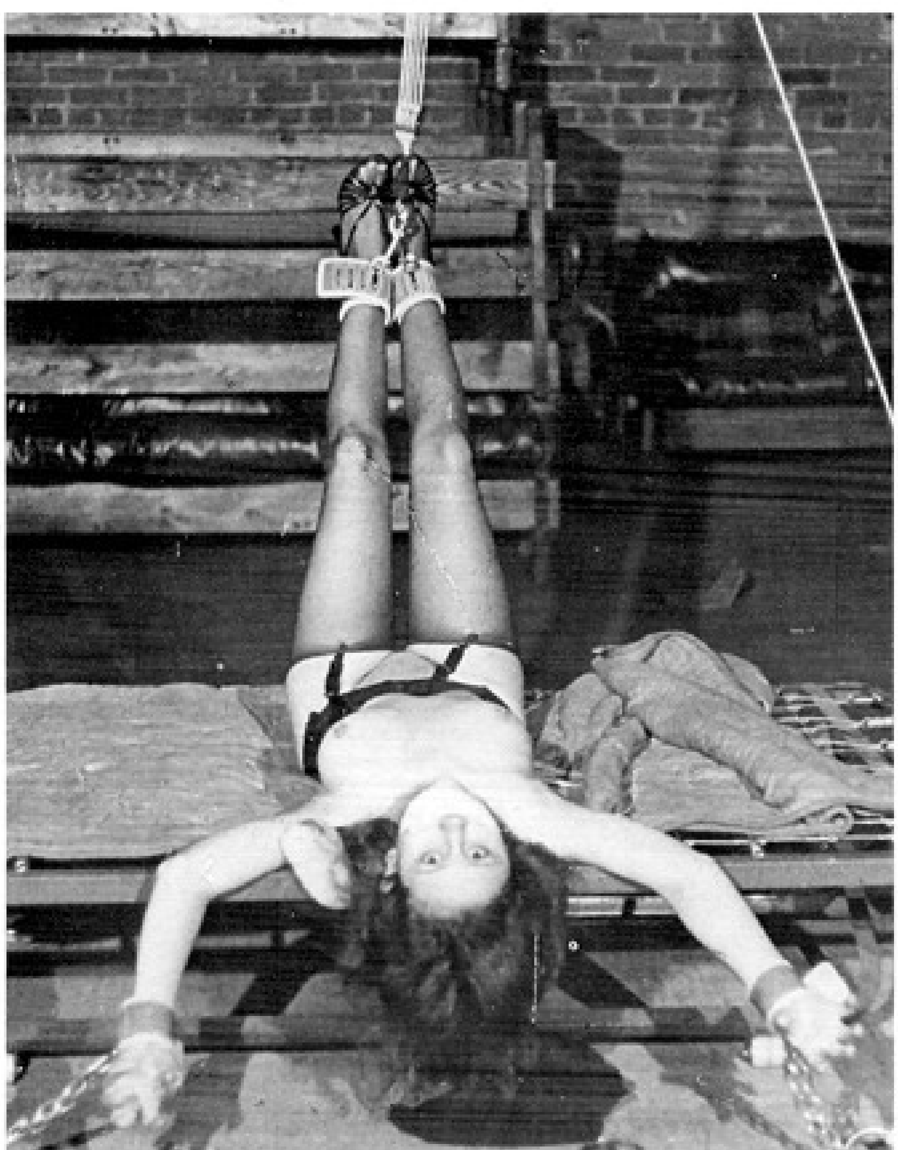












She felt a strange transformation as he relaxed the chains, letting her ease to the floor. The scalding hotness ebbed into a warmth that permeated her entire being. She felt a new love and a new tenderness for him. She felt his caring in a way that had escaped her before. She wanted to speak through her sobs, to tell him what she felt but he was over her, stuffing her mouth and taping it closed. Somehow she felt he knew.

His hands were more tender now, softly easing over the welts, gently touching her breasts, lovingly brushing her hair back from her tear-stained face.

All of her life she had wanted someone who loved her enough — and this was enough.

He looked down at her and knew what she knew.

THE INITIATION

BY F. E. CAMPBELL

"I can call Bletchley." Miss Anastasia offered kindly.

Psyche stubbed an uncertain foot into the deep pile of the carpet. She did not want Bletchley; she wanted even less to have her bottom striped by the cane on Miss Anastasia's desk. "I'm too old for this sort of thing." She announced firmly but with quaking heart.

"No girl is ever too old." Miss Anastasia's voice was still sweet. "And remember, dear, you are here to be disciplined."

"But I shouldn't have to make myself bare. Please, Miss Anastasia, I don't think Uncle Simon meant that for me. I'll just die of shame."

"Nonsense, dear child. You will discover some good honest pain is invigorating. Since it's your first time I will strap you nice and tight."

Psyche quailed. "Strapped tight!" Her whole being revolted. She looked about the Head Mistress's study in wild despair. Surely there had to be a way of escape! Surely she could not be bound and bared and caned like some scullery wench. But she knew that, for her, there would be no evasion and no mercy. Her only defense was words. "I'm sorry I was bad before I was sent here." She said humbly. "But I have not disobeyed in the school. I have tried to be good. Why must I be caned?"

"A simple introduction, dear. You will know my methods and respect them. Now, over the bench, please."

Psyche quivered at the firm tone of the demanding voice. She looked at the bench with distaste, picturing herself bent over it, her clothes stripped from that portion of her to be punished. "Couldn't I keep my knickers on?" She implored.

"Nonsense, girl! Whoever heard of caning knickers! It's you, dear who has to be caned. Slip off your things now; dress and all."

"I've never been naked, Miss Anastasia. No one's ever seen . . . ."

"Then it's high time. You are not suggesting, I hope, that my observing your bottom is in any way indecent?"

That was exactly what Psyche did think. But her hasty: "Oh no, Miss Anastasia!" was a model of submission. She took a shrinking step toward the waiting bench that, right then, might as well have been the dreaded Rack itself. "Could I please just touch my toes instead?" She asked without hope.

"Very well, Psyche, if you insist." Miss Anastastia's voice was cold.

The scarlet-cheeked girl whose heart was beating hard realized procrastination was at an end. She wished she had kept her last plea to herself. With slow but desperate fumblings she rid herself of the school tunic. Then, with each button, her eyes implored the stern figure of the woman with the cane. Finding no reprieve, Psyche reached the awful moment when all that was left to do was touch her toes and flip up the sheath of silk that was now her only covering. She felt certain Miss Anastasia would be able to detect the nervous quiverings beneath the bared cheeks, so soon to receive their first kisses from the cane. She sighed in hopelessness and closed her eyes . . . .

"Such charming contours, my dear!" The Head Mistress's voice was once more kind. "You should be proud of them. I am sure they will mark deliciously." The cane sliced the air with a wicked zingggg!

Psyche was never sure how she came to be so suddenly writhing on the carpet. There had been a sudden explosion of pain beyong imagining and there she was, clutching herself and shamefully moaning.

"I would hardly call you a model of deportment." Miss Anastasia said icily.

The caned girl rose to her feet, still rubbing. Exclamations crowded to her tongue, but she wisely held them in check.

"It is useless to look at me with big, wide eyes." Miss Anastasia said testily. "I granted your request. Do you see now how wise I was to suggest the straps?"

"Yes, Miss Anastasia. I would let you fasten me, but I could never stand such a caning. You probably don't know how awful it is. I can't possibly stand it."

The lips of the Mistress were a thin line. She seemed on the verge of an angry retort, but instead she pulled the bell cord. Moments later a bright-eyed girl of Psyche's own age appeared. She took in the tableau at a glance and seemed amused. There was little need of words.

Psyche watched, amazed, as the newcomer wordlessly smiled and slipped out of her dress. A moment later Cynthie was bending tautly, knees rigid, fingers touching toes. She seemed remarkably cheerful. On the way down she winked as though it was all a big joke. The watching delinquent was shocked to see the scarlet and purple marks already imprinted on the pert but willing bottom. The cane sang a song fully as venemous as the awful cut that had sent Psyche contorting to the floor. There was a fleshy thunk and a gasp. That was all.

Psyche watched in shamed disbelief as Cynthie held her pained pose and said a pretty: "Thank you, Miss Anastasia, that hurt beautifully." Across the bent derriere a fresh scarlet weal was raising its ridge of hurt flesh. "Would you like me to spread my legs for the next one?" The girlish voice was sweet and innocent of guile.

"That would be nice, dear. You will be grateful, won't you, Psyche dear, for Cynthie's demonstration?"

Psyche did not feel grateful for anything. She wished she was witnessing some sort of miracle in the bent-over girl's easy acceptance of something too terrible to bear. But she unhappily realized that if Cynthie could do it she herself should be able to do it too. She managed a fervent, "Oh yes, thank you," before she felt guilty at subjecting the other girl to such agony on her behalf. She cringed in sympathy as the cane snickered and slashed the waiting flesh low down to take full advantage of the space between the willing thighs. She watched the wound proclaim itself on female flesh, and listened in disbelief to the dulcet voice: "That was simply beautiful, Miss Anastasia, I hurt terribly. How would like me for the next one?"

"Do you wish to burden Cynthie further, dear child?" The Mistress's eyes firmly placed decision upon the cringing Psyche.

"Oh no!" Psyche was sincerely

vehement. She was sure she would die or faint under such agony, but this willing beauty should not suffer further on her account. "If I can be strapped to the bench – the way you said. I will try . . ."

"Thank you, Cynthie, You may leave us. We are grateful. But first you may show our new pupil the proper position."

Still smiling as though enraptured by her responsibility, Cynthie draped herself across the high bench. By the time she had wriggled her wrists and ankles within the loops of the waiting straps neither her feet nor her hands touched the floor. Her weight rested within the curvature of her loins upon a pad perfectly designed. The watching girl was painfully conscious that the device turned a girl into little more than a demanding bottom waiting to be whipped. The term 'whipping bench' was apt. Her task completed, Cynthie cropped a curtsey to the Mistress, winked again at the waiting victim, and departed.

"Such a sweet child, so helpful." Miss Anastasia intoned. "I think, dear, it would be best if you removed your dress."

Another shock! "Am I to be whipped other places?" Psyche quavered.

"No, dear, not today. But all this silly tucking up . . . you'll actually be more comfortable. Over you go now."

The 'going over' process was the most humiliating moment of Psyche's life. She allowed the silken slip to fall from her shoulders to the floor. She was naked. Miss Anastasia could see every bit of her. It seemed so wrong. Blushing, she bent across the contraption designed to render helpless a girl in pain. It was far from comfortable, but did not hurt beyond bearing. Her hands and feet found the straps and managed to insert themselves.

The tightening of the first band was one more moment she would always remember. Captivity and discipline were utterly new to her. To find her left wrist suddenly held immobile within the intimate clasp of a broad leather strap gave the frightened girl fresh quivers of apprehension – a strange excitement. It made Miss Anastasia suddenly more than a Mistress. An invisible bond accompanied the clutch of the prisoning band. When her right wrist was similarly served, Psyche knew she was lost. She had become a stranger in another world.

"I do think they have to be very tight," Miss Anastasia mused. "Be a good girl and struggle as though you are trying to get loose."

Psyche wondered, but did as she was bid. The reason for the command became apparent when the make believe revolt was over and the Mistress thoughtfully tightened each buckle another notch. "I do think it places a girl in a proper frame of mind when she is fastened nice and tight. I'm sure you agree, dear?" She might have been speaking of fitting stockings.

Psyche did not agree at all, but she said she did. It was hard to restrain a small gasp of dismay when her ankles, too, were firmly taken from her control. She felt wickedly shamed when she realized what Miss Anastasia must be looking at as she stood behind her jack-nifed nudity. When firm, cool feminine fingers traced their path across her taut, sacrificial cheeks she tensed against her bonds as though slashed by the cane. But it was when those same strong, firm fingers manipulated a small lever at the side that Psyche really gasped afresh. She felt the thrust of the pad beneath her sex, rising to impart to her stretched bottom an even greater prominence! Inexperienced as she might be, Psyche was well aware that her buttocks had been tightened to a point at which the impact of the cane would be doubly intensified.

"You have a lovely bush, child." Thoughtful fingers tugged almost playfully at an errant frond of pubic hair which had found its way between the tightly packed thighs; then it was carefully and meticulously tucked back to join its constrained companions upon the pad of punishment. Maiden cheeks flamed anew at this fresh revelation of female vulnerability. Psyche was quite sure she would not survive the combined ordeals of shame and agony that were about to commence. "Please, Miss Anastasia, I'm frightened. I'm not like Cynthie. Please don't hit me so hard. I . . .I . . . I think I'll die. I can't stand . . .!"

Psyche's answer was the flickering whir-r-r-r and sickening impact of the cane cutting across both her proffered rounds. If she had known pain before, she knew it doubly now. Her world dissolved into spasms and chokings and a scream that seemed to last forever. Before she had adjusted to the pain or composed her scrambled thoughts there fell upon her virgin skin another blow, even more searching than the first. From out of a pause the wounded girl wished would last forever, the Mistress's voice inquired solicitously: "Would you like to be gagged, Psyche?"

It took moments to register on the distraught, girlish awareness. A gag! It was as grotesque as all the rest! None of this agony belonged in her life. She had been delivered into a madhouse! Psyche moaned. She knew not what to say. She managed only a pathetic, "Please. . . oh, please, no more . . .Please!"

It was the wrong response. The cane sliced her again, squarely across both cheeks and lapping around a hip. It was excruciating beyond any imagining Psyche had every indulged in! She was sure the awful sounds in which she indulged were wrong, but she could not contain them. The screams and moans were an inevitable prelude to Miss Anastasia's next act.

The gag was appropriately Victorian, beautifully feminine. It's only menace was the shaped rubber pad that slipped between reluctant lips and compressed a rebellious tongue. Watching its approach and divining its purpose, Psyche opened her mouth to protest and to plead. It was a mistake. The gag slipped neatly into place; the ruffled straps were tightened at the back of the lowered head. "There, dear child, you'll feel better now. You were making the most plebeian sounds. I'm sure you must be ashamed of them. You'll be nice and cozy with the gag. It looks sweet."

Sweet! Psyche blinked back tears. Now she would die for sure! Now she could not tell Miss Anastasia of the impossibility of bearing such pain; could not stop her from going too far. Her bottom would be cut to pieces and nothing would ever be the same again.

Psyche fought the gag. It was a palpable enemy, far more intimate and fightable than the straps that held her limbs. She screamed deep into its frills and lace and bit upon the rubber horror that distended her cheeks and caused her to dribble shamefully upon the floor. The cane cut and cut without impediment of sound.

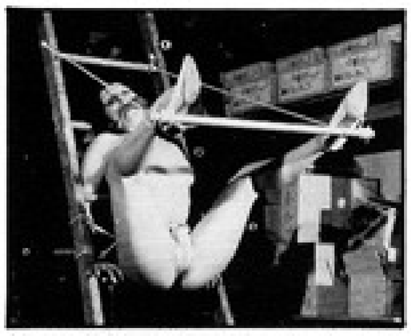
There are many countries in the mind. Far and distant places few of us explore. Mostly we do not know they are there. The Kingdom of Pain to which Psyche journeyed while held by the buckled straps and silenced by the decorative gag was one of them. She entered it in disbelief and emerged from it dazed and with a new wisdom: the wisdom of the cane that tells a naked girl there is no pain she can not endure; and that for female flesh beneath the lash, there is no death.

"Your bottom is quite lovely, dear child." The Mistress's tone was vibrant with feeling. "When you see it in the mirror you will be as pleased as I. Pleased

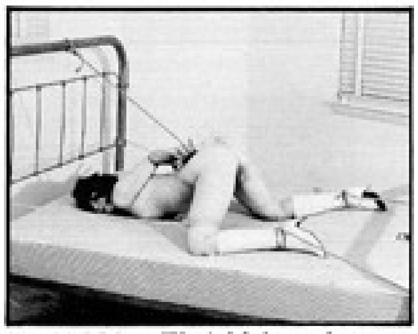
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THE TORMENT PHOTO SERIES

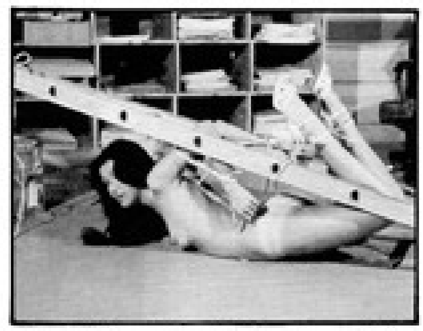
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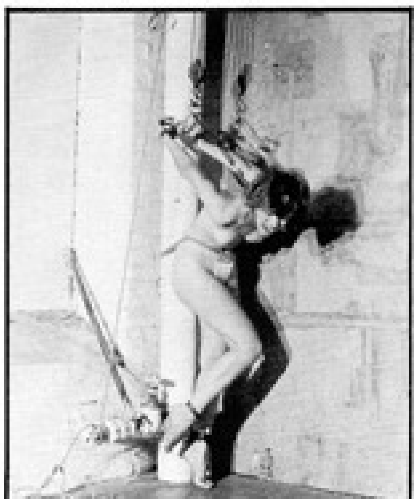
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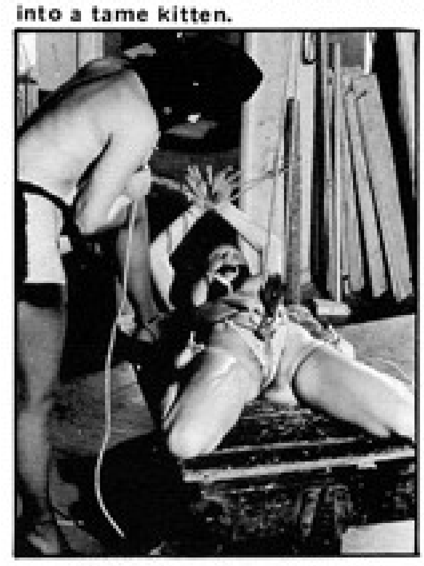
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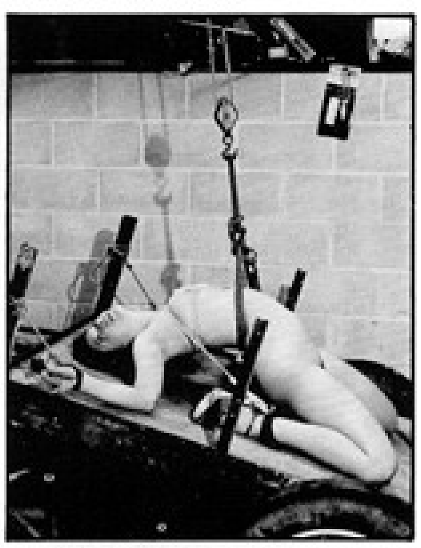
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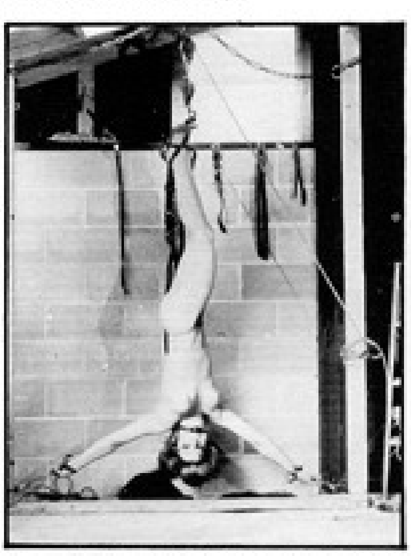
No. 7809 - The makeshift rack takes its toll as she struggles against her bonds.



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No. 7812 - Torturous suspension greets this beauty in her boy-friend's basement playroom!



No. 7813 - Her round globes tense with excitement she moans in vain as he approaches.



No. 7814 - He kept his promise of a bondage week-end - day and night tightly strapped!



No. 7815 - The new hall decor promises to be interesting as she is roped into place.

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HUNG-UP HORNY HONEY

Ok, John, I see your point and all - very funny - yes, I will admit that it does make a girl kind of horny and wet feeling so helpless like this. Really! Handcuffed and footcuffed to this chair - one would think that would be enough. I mean what are you doing with these ropes?




















Oh come on now John, pulling that rope so tight between my lips like that hardly seems fair. And this gag! Damn it! You must really know that I'm hot for you! Why won't you believe the feigned protest in my eyes?

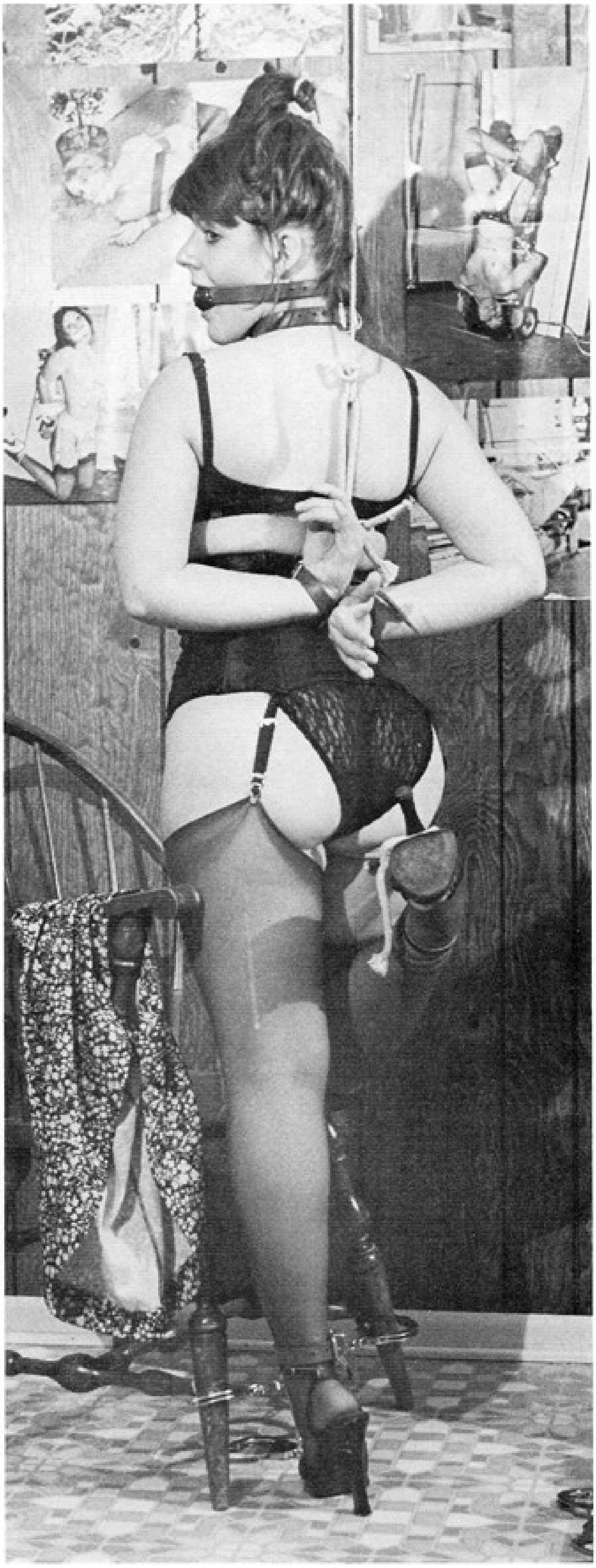




Well, BLAST YOU, JOHN - I mean for God's sake how am I ever going to get down from here in one piece? I mean the way you've got my leg back like this! Won't you please let me down and give me a little relief?



















I swear this has just got to be the living end! I can't even imagine where you come up with all these torturous tying devices. I thought when you took off all my cuffs that I would finally be able to get a little nooky around here, what with all this arousing you've been putting me through. But oh, no - not you, John! You're just beginning, I can tell. Pulling my leg up like this with that rope inside my cunt is almost too much to take! I think I am in unbearable agony. Maybe if I give you the most entreating look I can with my pleading eyes, you will take off this gag at least - and then maybe I could tell you what I am really craving for! If only you would drop all these pulleys John, we could really get into something groovy. And if you would only pull down my pants just a little bit, even with this rope around my waist, I could think of all kinds of things we might be able to do. It's not just the restraints, don't you see, John? I'm dying of a kind of anticipation, a desire, a hot wetness I just can't control. Oh John, must you be so cruel - can't you see what you are doing to this poor horny, hung-up girl? Listen, with just a little soothing from you I just might be back, to be bound for more.



BOOK REVIEW



DORINDA

"The song of whips, the screams of girls! And love . . . ! Hot damn!"

"We sure would like to meet Dorinda in the flesh – and we do mean flesh! Handcuffed, of course!"

"I'm female. But I wouldn't mind being one of old Rabin's girls for just a couple of adventures. As I read I can feel the handcuffs."

"What situations! That poor girl . . . ! It's beautiful."

The congratulations pile upon the desk. There can be no doubt that Campbell has created characters and situations that fill a long felt need, an actual vacuum, in the literature of Bondage and the "Damsel in Distress".

And let us pull no punches, the heroines of these bondage romances from H.O.M. are well and truly bound and manage to get themselves into distresses deeper and more colorful than most. There is, too, a rare beauty not often associated with the subject. It is a beauty not only in the concepts of the nature of the girls who fill the pages of these vividly erotic novels but also in the words by which their stories are told. Here is an author who could be read by anyone without offense, yet who can at the same time create imagery enough to appease DeSade himself, an accomplishment no other writer has similiarly contrived.

"Dorinda" wastes no time in getting its heroine delightfully distressed. The villain puts her ashore on a Grecian Isle totally sans clothes with her wrists handcuffed behind her back. She has failed to please, so is condemned to spend a week, exposed and handicapped, alone upon an uninhabited island. But, left to her own devices, she soon finds the island has a tenant other than herself. .

Delicious tid-bits come to mind:

"I love it, silly. You know I do. Mark's told you. I'm a natural born slavegirl. But only for Mark."

"Aren't you going to be jealous?" Dorinda asked mischieviously. "Now I'll get all the whippings and you'll be home free."

Or this exchange:

"You know what to do bitch."

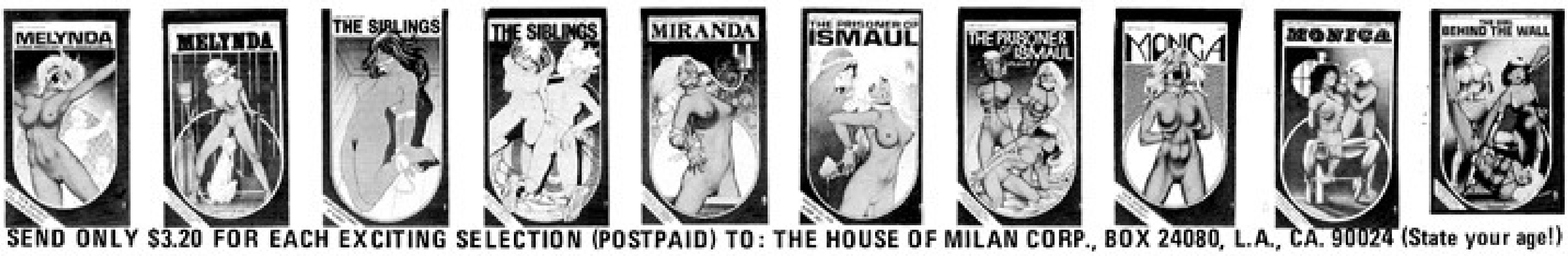
Hulda knew. In a wild despair she buried her face in her shackled hands. Her head shook negatively, "No . . . No . . . Oh, No!"

The whip played upon her already striated nakedness - - "

Dorinda carries the reader into a colorful diversity of scene as well as into a maze of female emotion as Dorinda herself explores the savagery of man and the complexities of herself.

"The thing I enjoy about this author," writes an enthusiastic correspondent, *"is that the characters live. They are not simply mediums by which sexuality is generated or dummies upon whose limbs rope is entwined. They possess all the human qualities of fear and lust and hate and love, of weakness and strength. And, to make their plausibility truly real, there will sometimes be the glint of laughter shining above the whip and chains. These stories are never morbid. I found the pages of "Dorinda" a pure delight I was sorry to lay down."*

Dorinda belongs in that burgeoning library from a prolific pen that is proving daily that the story of a bound girl, a girl who suffers much, need not be morbid or mechanical or follow sterotyped situations or speak in threadbare cliches. Campbell's bound ladies remain immensely feminine, no matter their travail. The villains who enslave them are believable men and women living out their destinies in ways their natures make inevitable. Sometimes there is no villain – this, too, is refreshing. The things girls may be impelled to do to girls, as found in all of Campbell's work, is a whole new vista of sensuality in itself.



CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

and proud. I think it's so nice for a girl when she marks well, and you do, quite splendedly. Some poor girls get all blotched and inflamed, but your skin accepts a perfect imprint and retains it exquisitely. You'll be able to look after we have finished your punishment."

Psyche froze. Out of her mist of pain she raised agonized eyes. Punishment! Again! More! It was not done! "But, Miss Anastasia, haven't I been punished? Isn't it over? Oh please . . .!"

The Head Mistress beamed. "I like these little welcomes to cover the normal possibilities of misbehavior for my new girls. Your bottom will remember today, and now we do the same service for your hands."

Was there no end to the shame! No end! Psyche's response was involuntary. "Caning hands! Oh no, but I'm too old. Caning hands is for little children!"

"Don't be argumentative, Psyche. You have a tendency to be plaintive. Perhaps you would prefer to position yourself across the bench again?"

"Oh no, Miss Anastasia," Psyche was still rubbing her chaffed wrists. "But must I really be caned on my hands as well?"

"You will be attending classes, Psyche. The Mistresses cannot be forever undressing pupils who have erred in some minor way. A caning of the hands is the most practical solution. It is as well you understand what is involved. Hold out your right hand."

Psyche looked at the door, the window, and the Mistress. None offered hope. She looked do;w at her nakedness and beheld, almost with surprise, the luxuriant shining bush between her legs. It had never before seemed so potent a part of her person. Miss Anastasia eyed it often. "May I dress now?" She asked innocently. "If it's just my hands . . ."

"Certainly not! You must get rid of this shame about your body. We do not tolerate it here!" Miss Anastasia sounded cross. "Hold your hand out. There's a dear girl."

Psyche held out her hand.

It was a repetition. The slashing cut destroyed her. Psyche rolled upon the carpet, her hand tucked tight beneath a comforting arm, her moans incoherent. Once more the bell rope was pulled; once again Cynthie's smiling face came to shame her with it's insouciance.

"My right hand, Miss Anastasia?" Cynthie asked brightly.

Once more the slicing cut given Cynthie was every bit as severe as had been administered to the shrinking new pupil. Receiving it, Cynthie examined her wounded palm on which the scarlet of a forming bruise was vivid. "I say, Miss Anastasia, that was really a stinger, absolutely perfect!" It was as though she had received a treasured gift. Without pause, she allowed her right arm to hang limply at her side and extended her left. The cane sang.

"Oh, Miss, it's sweet of you to let me show Psyche! I'm ever so grateful." The glowing girl placed her ankles within the confines of straps rising from the floor. She turned, sparkling, to the woebegone girl who was still nursing her wounded hand. "This keeps us standing still." She explained. "I'm sure Miss Anastasia would let you be fastened if you wish." She smiled happily and was gone.

Without volition, Psyche took her place. Her feelings were a mixture of pique at being made to seem feeble, and stark fear at what might befall should she rebel. She looked down in wonder as the older woman knelt and tugged tight the leather bands that would hold her feet immovably while her hands were caned.

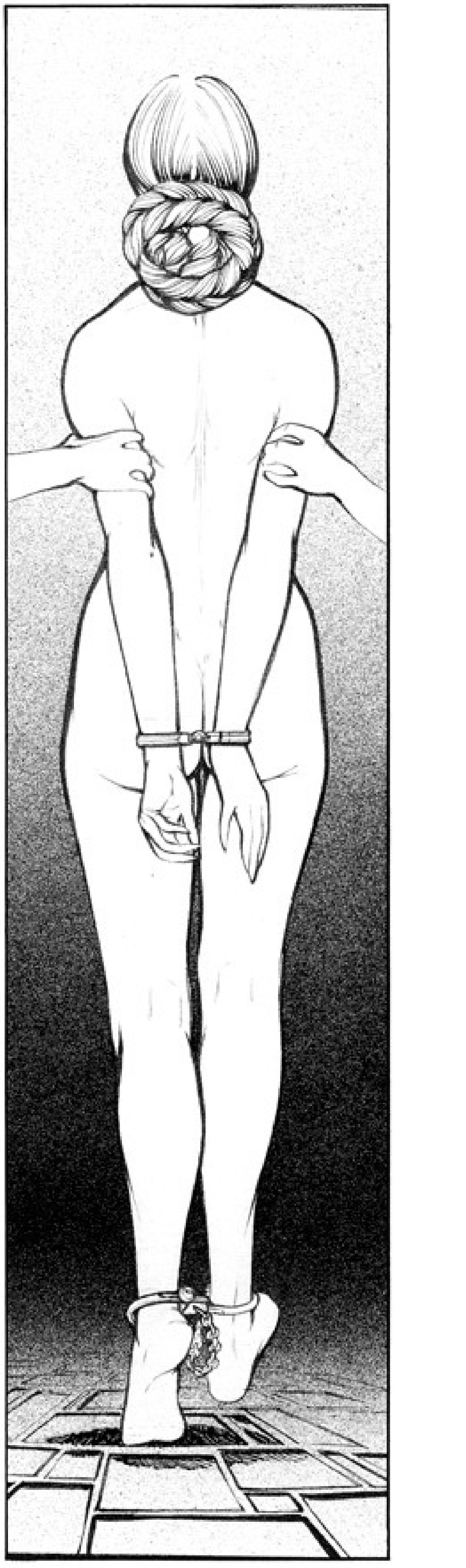
"Such darling girls!" Miss Anastasia enthused. "So sweetly submissive, so delightfully feminine. I am so fond of you all. Hold out your left hand, dear. All the way, palm stretched and open."

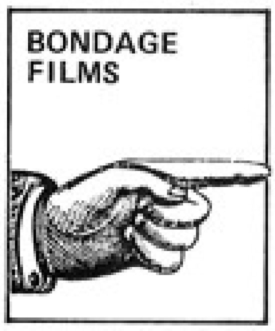
Psyche obeyed. She cringed and small nerves twitched as the Mistress tapped and positioned with the limber withe that would cut the pliant flesh. Was it really necessary to so prolong the suspense? When her innocent palm was striated with a fresh agony she tugged at her feet, but found they would not move. She moaned, she dared not scream. She tucked her wounded member into a sympathetic armpit and looked at the woman with the cane in mute apology. The expression on the face of authority caused the injured girl to instantly let her hands fall passive at her sides. It was the most difficult motion she had ever made, each burned and scalded with an unquenchable fire. Her eyes were wide in a mute and agonized question.

"Three on each hand, dear. I do want your entry to our school to be happy. Come now, that sweet little right hand again." Miss Anastasia's voice dripped kindness. "Only four more to go until I lock you in the stocks for the afternoon."

Psyche held out her hand and watched what was about to be done.

"I do think we're both so lucky," said Miss Anastasia as she cut with joyous relish. •





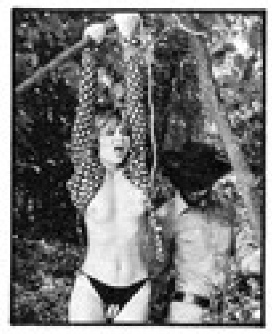
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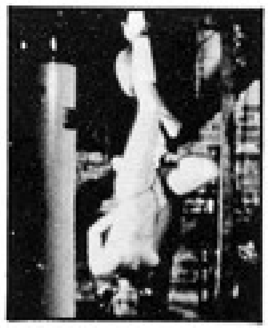
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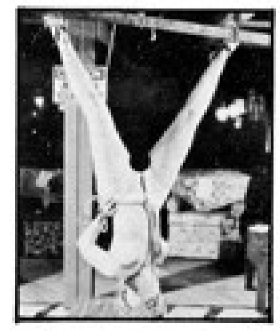
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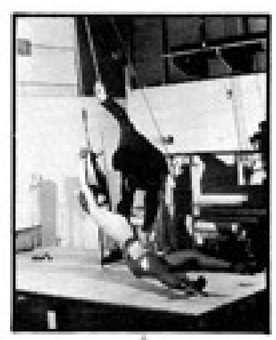
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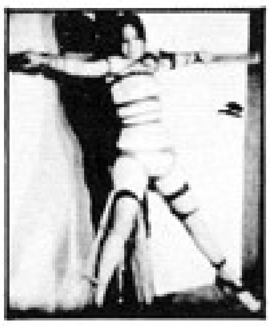
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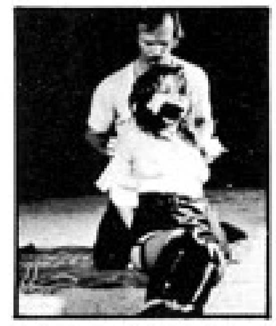
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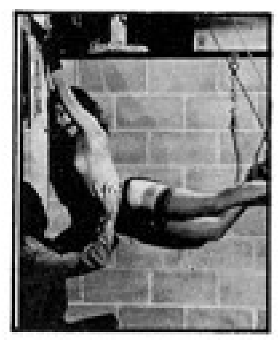
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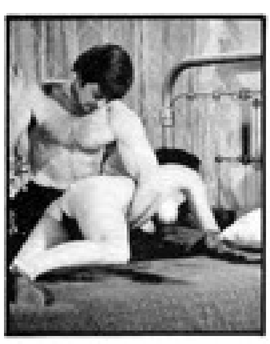
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INTERROGATION! - Talk or else! Spread suspended, the gag denies her screams as the brutal hands demand her secrets. Reg. 8mm 50 m.



CARIE'S RED HOT LESSON - Carie learns about obedience as her ass is flailed to a brilliant crimson by her husband. Reg. 8 mm 62m $25.00



SO RED THE ASS - Revenge is the motive, to attack his ass is the action, resulting in a blistering crimson spanking romance. Reg. 8 mm 30 m. $12.50

PLEASE INCLUDE .80 PER ITEM TO COVER POSTAGE AND HANDLING

Qty	Name of Item & Description	Price

I am over 21 years of age and understand the merchandise I am ordering may be considered sexually oriented.

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Ca. Res. 6% tax ______
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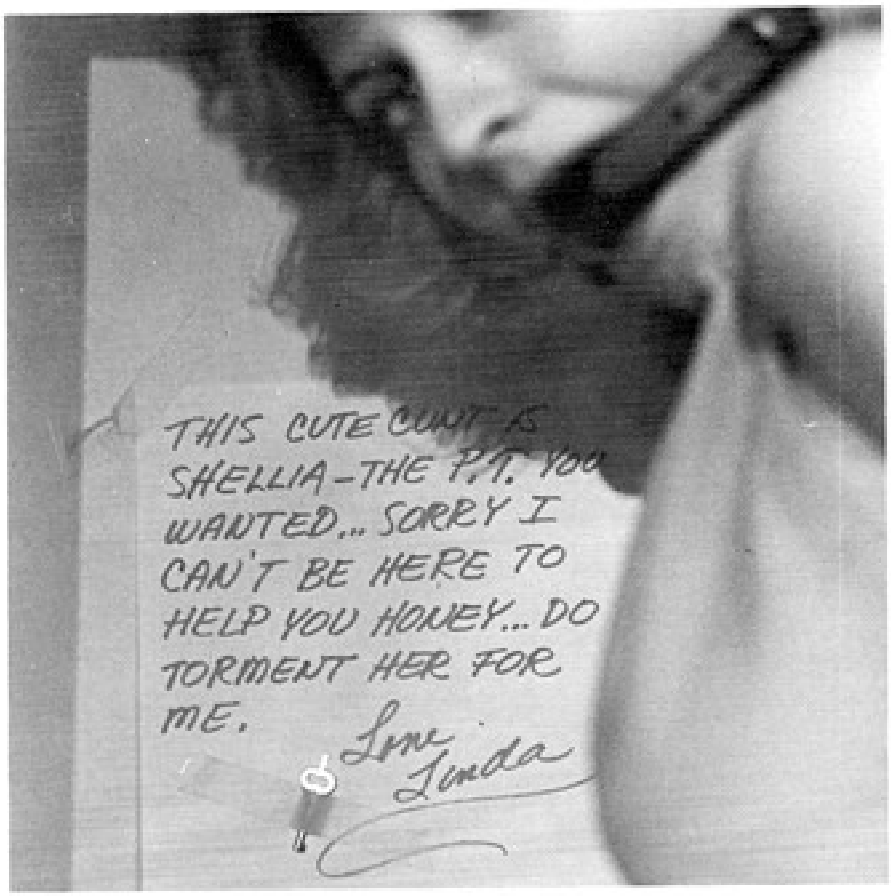
City . . . . State . . . . Zip . . . . . .

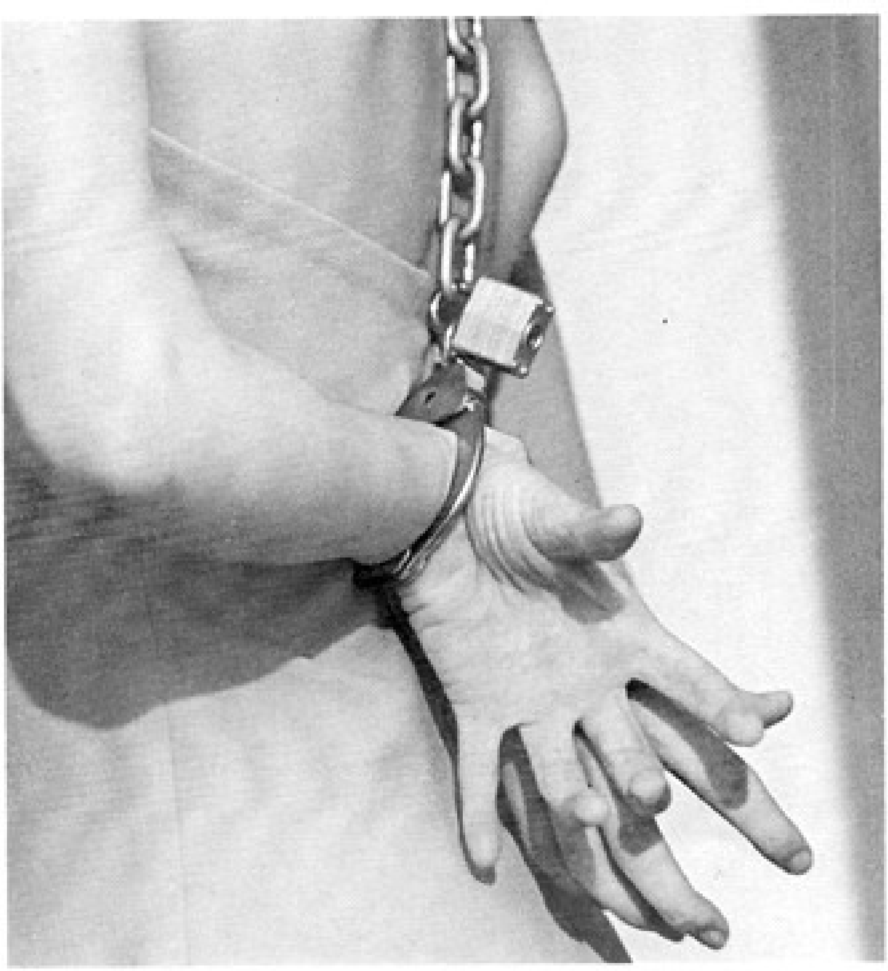
Mail to: HOUSE OF MILAN CORP, Box 24080, L.A., Ca. 90024 USA

LE IN SUPER 8. ADD 10% TO THE QUOTED FOOTAGE FOR REGULAR TO DETERMINE SUPER 8 FOOTAGE.

TEASER'S TORMENT

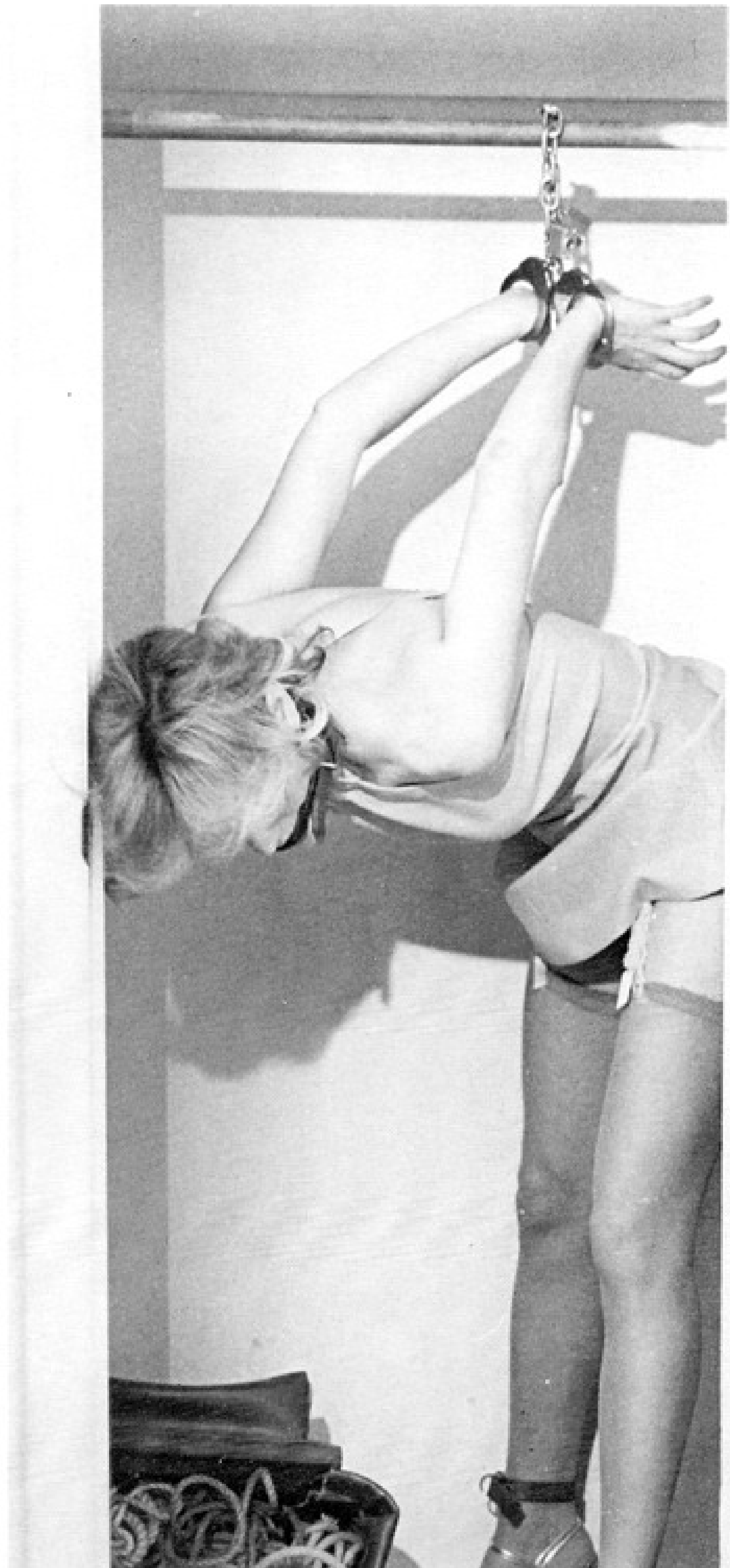
Knowing that the Bitch was roped and ready and waiting for me back at my apartment made it enjoyably difficult not to rush home, but I knew she wouldn't be going anywhere. If anyone did her bondage and rope homework it was Linda. When she tied you, you stayed tied!









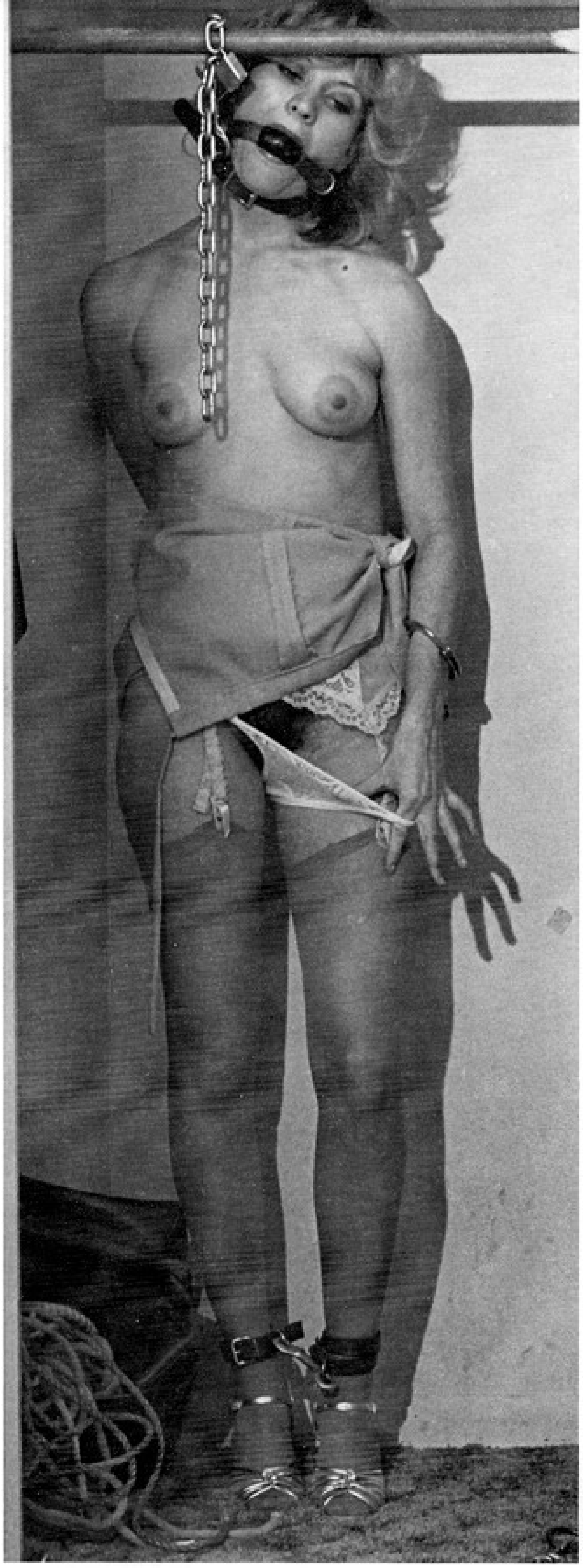








It took a bit of punishment to convince her that when I told her to slip her panties down for me like a good little girl she'd better do it, but eventually she got the idea. Her trembling fingers slid into the waistband and pushed them slowly downward.










She didn't like the crotch rope one bit, but I told her that since she was above letting men have it, maybe she preferred something more impersonal, like the rope. Her frantic whimpers didn't convince me I was wrong.

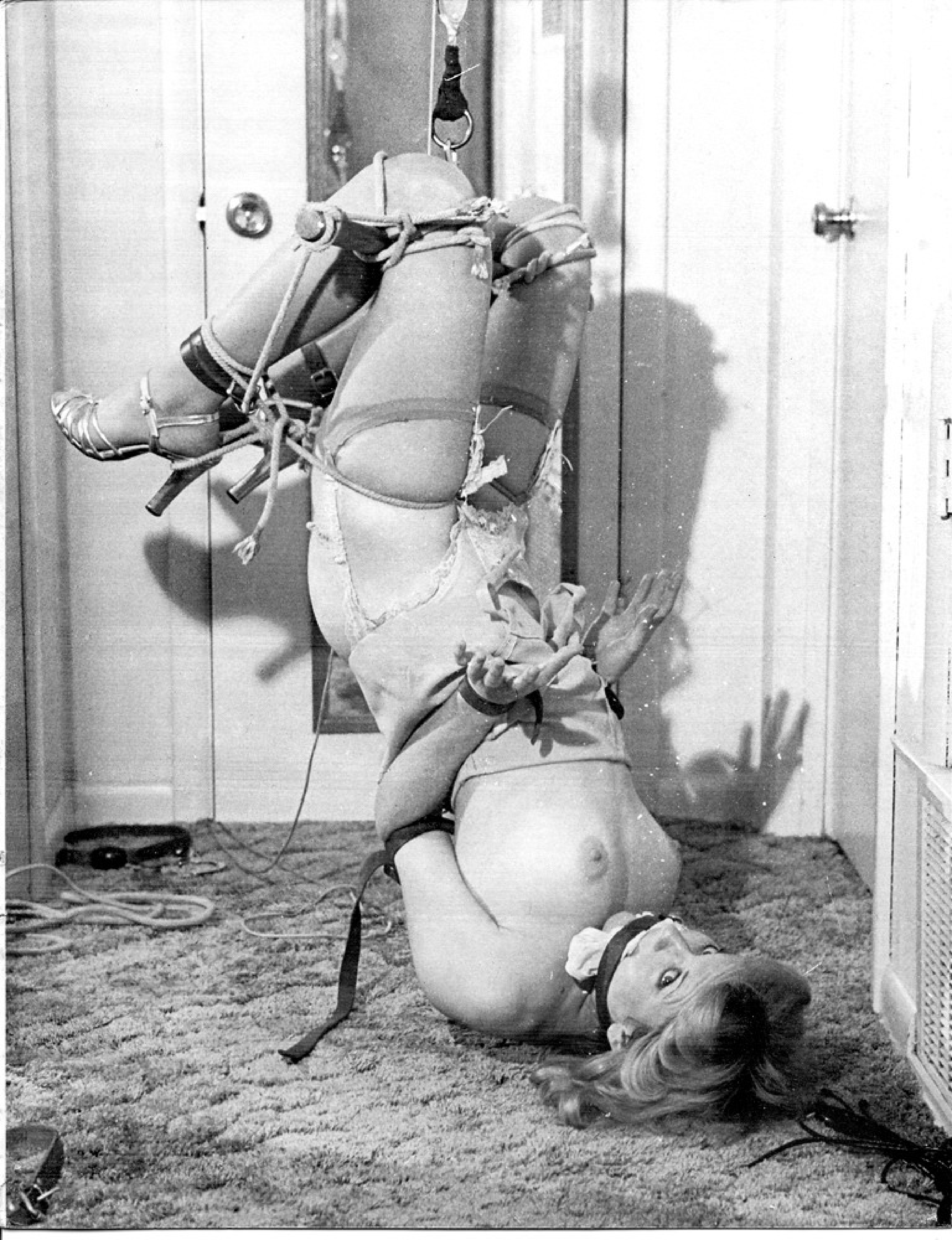








I wanted the Bitch so hot and frustrated that she'd beg and plead for it from me to make up for the times she'd teased and blue-balled me and the other guys. So I did everything to her but let her climax. When she got to the edge I'd spank her, or pinch her tits until the pain drove her orgasm back, and then I'd tease some more. Boy, did she beg!









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